THE LIVING AGE

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NOVEMBER 1, 1929

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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Commendation

THE SEPTEMBER FIRST LIVING AGE was no sooner out than readers began expressing their enthusiastic approval. We have not had an unfavorable criticism of the new form yet. We are almost alarmed at the tremendous applause... may it presage no disaster!

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WHEN YOUR September number came to me, I had a series of thrills. First as to the size—just right. Then the cover—distinctive, convenient, and yet unobtrusive. Next the paper—well worth waiting for. And the print—wonderful! No dividing columns for the main articles—as easily read as a novel. Just the thing for a commuter to enjoy in train or subway, for the evening hour of a busy person who has taxed his eyesight all day long....

I WANT TO congratulate you on the beautiful new form. To turn its pages is a delight, with splendid, generous type and broad margins. You have certainly established a new high standard in periodical literature dress which I am sure will receive well-deserved commendation.

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THE GUIDE POST

AS A GOOD FRIEND of the League of Nations, Salvador de Madariaga is inclined to be skeptical of the United States of Europe idea. He has served on several disarmament commissions and occupies the Alfonso XIII chair of Spanish literature at Oxford. His wife is an Englishwoman.

The Fascist Party in Italy and the Republican Party in the United States have always been two of the *New Statesman's* favorite bugbears, but now that MacDonald and Hoover have decided that war between England and America shall henceforth be thought unthinkable, Mussolini is the only international menace left. His resignation of seven ministerial posts comes in for some bitter and amusing criticism which, incidentally, throws light on how the average British Laborite feels about Fascism.

American architecture is no more popular in Europe than any other New-World achievement and Paul Fechter spins a characteristically German web of theory about the Capitol in Washington and the skyscrapers of New York.

The Prince of Hohenlohe has been visiting some of Germany's lost possessions in Africa, but none of them seems to have moved him as profoundly as the Island of Zanzibar, which was exchanged for Heligoland long before the War. The English are now in control and the flood of immigrants from India seems to be causing as much trouble on this isolated paradise as on the mainland.

General von Seeckt, former commander of the German *Reichswehr*, predicts that the army of the future will be a small, highly mechanized body of men. His point of view may be due in part to the fact that Germany, under the Versailles Treaty, cannot put into the field a fraction as many troops as some of her tiny neighbors, and his wish may, therefore, be father to his thought. However, his case is worth hearing, and, if sixty million Germans believe in it, perhaps they are not wrong.

L'Europe Nouvelle divides its attention between political and literary matters and in

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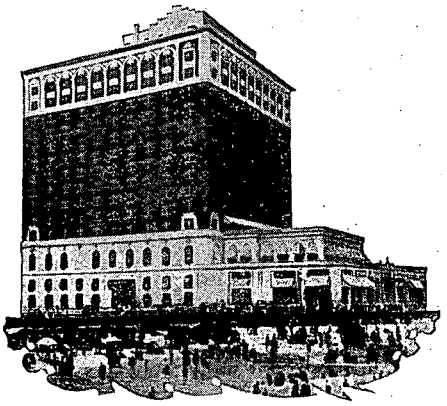

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THE FRONTISPIECE

Laboureur, the engraver of this month's frontispiece, is a French artist whose fame is chiefly restricted to England. His illustrations for Lawrence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (London: Golden Cockerel Press; New York: Random House) made him a great British reputation for the sophisticated humor and clear design nicely exemplified in the genre subject we reproduce herewith.

spite of all the current excitement about world peace and naval reduction it finds space in its columns for four unpublished letters from Flaubert to Turgenev, written when the two men had become intimate friends.

Luigi Pirandello first became known in America when *Six Characters in Search of an Author* was produced on Broadway, and he has also had novels and short stories brought out in English translation. 'The Portrait' which we are running in this issue happily avoids some of the obscurities that characterize much of his recent work.

THE RIOTS at the Wailing Wall have once more brought the Jewish people into the international spotlight. Joseph Roth, a veteran German newspaper man, gives an eloquent interpretation of a great race and the destiny it should pursue.

J. B. Priestley's essays are already familiar to American readers and his first serious novel, *The Good Companions*, was published in the United States this fall. His little piece on a magazine from America will amuse those of our readers foolish enough to follow any other periodical than THE LIVING AGE.

In a recent interview, quoted in *Letters and the Arts* six weeks ago, Knut Hamsun said his favorite book was written by Andreas Latzko, a Hungarian journalist and soldier of fortune who now describes for us his experiences in Central Asia. In 1919, his War book entitled *Men in War* enjoyed almost as great a success in Central Europe as *All Quiet on the Western Front* has won this year.

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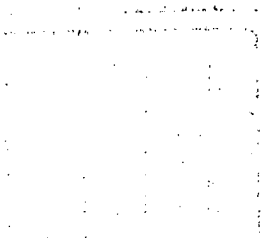

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A Piccadilly Flower Vendor

From an Engraving by Laboureur

(*Courtesy of Kennedy & Company*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

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THE WORLD OVER

SUMMER HONEYMOONS IN FOREIGN LANDS are over, England's Socialist Government is having to come back to English earth again, and whatever may have been achieved at the Hague, at Washington, or at Geneva will presently be forgotten in the more immediate welter of domestic politics. Unemployment remains unremedied and the financial situation in London has been distinctly bad. Late in September, the Bank of England raised its bank rate and at almost the same time came the Hatry crash.

So much attention was devoted to the latter incident in the more serious British press that it may well be taken as a revealing symptom of the present business position of the country. What happened, very briefly, was that a group of men who were directing various companies found themselves charged with conspiracy to obtain approximately a million dollars under false pretenses. The leader of this group, Clarence Hatry, is described as follows in the columns of the *Spectator*:—

> Mr. Clarence Hatry has been prominent in London for some years as a company promoter. During the 'boom' after the War he organized the Commercial Bank of London—later known as the Commercial Corporation of London—which went into liquidation in 1923. He also floated British Glass Indus-

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6

HOOVER and MACDONALD decide upon *January* 20th as date for the FIVE-POWER NAVAL CONFERENCE to be held in LONDON.

DR. STRESEMANN is accorded a state funeral without any military display and PRESIDENT HINDENBURG walks three miles behind his coffin.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7

RAMSAY MACDONALD addresses the UNITED STATES SENATE.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8

Full text of invitation to FIVE-POWER NAVAL PARLEY is made public.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9

HOOVER and MACDONALD announce that war between GREAT BRITAIN and the UNITED STATES has now become 'unthinkable.'

ALBERT GRZESINSKI, GERMAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, orders the reactionary *Stahlhelm* organizations in the RUHR and WESTPHALIA to dissolve.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10

COUNT CHARLES CSÁKY, HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF WAR, is forced to resign because he ordered 30,000 high-quality horsehair mattresses for the ARMY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12

LABOR PARTY wins sweeping victory in AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTION.

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tries, a company with an enormous capital, which collapsed. Another of his companies was Jute Industries, Ltd., of which the capital had to be considerably reduced. More recently he organized the Drapery Trust, which brought together several large stores. The Corporation and General Securities, Ltd., issued the Wakefield Loan and organized loans for several other municipalities. Finally, Mr. Hatry interested himself in the finance of the steel industry, and formed Steel Industries of Great Britain, Ltd.

When the activities of his associates came under suspicion, the shares of their various companies promptly collapsed, involving heavy losses to several large banking groups. Fortunately not many small investors were hard hit, but the *Nation and Athenæum* finds cause for alarm in the fact that big bankers saw fit to extend credit to a man whose previous record was not reassuring, to say the least.

These, however, are not the only aspects of the affair that have been exciting the London papers. The outcry that arose demanding closer financial supervision on the part of the State indicates that in England, as well as in the United States, so many small investors have begun to appear that measures for their protection must be taken. The *Spectator* offers this interpretation:—

Before the War the typical wage earner did not look much further afield for the investment of his savings than the Post Office Savings Bank or a Building Society. If he would not trust a money-holding institution of any kind—and suspicion was prevalent among the wage earners—he simply locked his money up in a box; 'kept it in a stocking,' as the saying is. It is entirely to the good that the 'small man' should become an investor on the Stock Exchange. Nothing could possibly have a more stabilizing influence. When the stockbroker's recommendations are delivered at the door by the postman revolution flies out at the window. No man wants to destroy his own property. It is most sincerely to be hoped that in this country we shall reach the stage, which has long since been reached in the United States, where almost every hand worker is not only the proprietor of shares in the firm for which he works but the proprietor of shares in other companies.

The progress of Great Britain has been so rapid in this direction that nothing is likely to check it but an absolute loss of confidence. The one way to kill confidence is to allow the small investor to feel that he is not adequately protected. It is on this matter that the Government, the Stock Exchange, the employers, and all politicians who believe in the motto, 'Every man a capitalist,' should concentrate their attention.

OF MORE IMMEDIATE IMPORTANCE, though perhaps of less extended significance, is the rise of the bank rate. The *Nation and Athenæum*, reflecting the hard-headed economic views of Mr. J. M. Keynes, insists that the rise was inevitable because gold was flowing too rapidly out of the country. The same journal also points out that the seven and one-half per cent which most industrial bor-

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NANKING GOVERNMENT faces combined attacks from north and south.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 14

CHIANG KAI-SHEK is advised to abandon HANKOW as the rebellion against the NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT spreads throughout CHINA.

The new BRITISH AIRSHIP, *R 101*, soars 2,000 feet over LONDON in her maiden flight.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15

LÉON DELACROIX, former PREMIER of BELGIUM, dies at BADEN-BADEN, where he was serving on the committee that is organizing the BANK OF INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENTS.

GENERAL YEN HSI-SHAN, 'model governor' of SHANSI, arrests MARSHAL FENG YU-HSIANG, one of the leaders in the revolt against NANKING.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16

The BRITISH GOVERNMENT receives acceptances to the FIVE-POWER NAVAL CONFERENCE from ITALY, JAPAN, and FRANCE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17

BANK OF INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENTS admits to its statutes a veto clause giving the FEDERAL RESERVE BANK power to protect the AMERICAN MONEY MARKET.

CHINESE opponents of present unequal treaties vote a nation-wide boycott of BRITISH and AMERICAN PRODUCTS.

ITALY suggests a preliminary NAVAL CONFERENCE with FRANCE, prior to the FIVE-POWER CONFERENCE in *January*.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG comes out against NATIONALIST-FASCIST popular referendum on the YOUNG PLAN.

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rowers now have to pay 'is likely to do decidedly more to increase unemployment than Mr. Thomas seems likely to do to diminish it; and an inquiry becomes important, if only to determine how far there is any point in pressing forward schemes of national development unless we have a radical change in monetary policy.'

The Socialist *Daily Herald*, smelling trouble in the air for the present Government, takes an even more alarmist view and attributes all the woes of the country to the policy of the Bank of England:—

> For the Bank's defense that the rise was 'inevitable' there is something to be said, but the inevitability is precisely the gravest part of our indictment. The rise was the inescapable consequence of the whole policy which the Bank of England has been pursuing since 1921.
>
> How grave from the standpoint of industry, of the country, and of the Government are the consequences of what has happened may not yet be realized. Take the position of the Government. 'Unemployment,' it has been said, 'put this Government in. Unless it is overcome, unemployment will put this Government out.'
>
> But what if unemployment, instead of being conquered, instead of being diminished even, is greatly increased? Yet, in the opinion of many who are qualified to judge, that is the quite certain effect of the present policy of the Bank of England. Indeed, that is the object of this so-called 'deflationary policy.'

THE DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph*, who is closer to inside sources of information than almost any other journalist in London, has made some interesting observations in regard to the site of the projected Bank for International Settlements under the Young Plan. He asserts that the Continental powers are likely to oppose London, but that Japan will take an attitude of friendly neutrality toward England, just as she did at the Hague, when she suddenly stopped supporting the French and the Italians. This is the interpretation offered by the *Telegraph:*—

> There is an interesting story, which has yet to be told, behind this change of attitude, which was determined by the Japanese Government's desire not to spoil the existing harmonious relations between it and the British Government. There is also reason to believe that a predominant section of the American banking world would rather see the new Bank set up in London than in a Continental capital, where it might be used to support a Pan-European movement against the United States.

FOREIGN SECRETARY HENDERSON'S attempt to resume diplomatic relations between London and Moscow has given rise to a surprising outburst of indignation in the French press. *Le Temps*, speaking semi-officially for the Quai d'Orsay, says:—

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> It is an immense dupery without precedent in history to resume official relations with a government which systematically disregards its international obligations, which boasts of being a universal revolutionary force, and whose whole policy aims at bringing disorder and anarchy into the countries that are ingenuous enough to maintain regular relations with it. Experience has shown this in France and elsewhere.

After embroidering at length on this familiar theme, the editorial ends by appealing to the Conservative and Liberal opposition to overthrow the present Government forthwith and also calls specifically on Stanley Baldwin 'to show in this special case that the English Conservative Party does not resign itself to abrogation and effacement.'

The incident raises two questions. In the first place, is it not unusual, to say the least, for the Foreign Office of one country to urge the overthrow of the party that is governing a friendly power? And, in the second place, if Russia exercises such a contaminating influence, why has France maintained diplomatic relations so long? The answers are not, of course, difficult to discover. The unpopularity of the British Labor Party in the higher governmental circles of Paris has long been a matter of common knowledge, but Briand's obsession with the Communist danger is a more recent development. Jules Sauerwein, his spokesman in *Le Matin*, declared some months ago that Russia must certainly be barred from any United States of Europe that time might bring.

The *Manchester Guardian* places the following interpretation on the whole affair:—

> The recent revelations about the negotiations between French and German Nationalists are significant. It is particularly significant that Herr Arnold Rechberg should have taken an active part in those negotiations, for it was he who, as the agent of General Ludendorff, tried to induce the British and French Governments in 1919 to allow General Ludendorff to reconstitute the German Army for the purpose of attacking Russia. Herr Rechberg is not taken seriously by many people in Germany; yet M. Poincaré has admitted that he received him twice, first in 1923 and again last year, and it is a fact that he also received him in the spring of this year. The negotiations in question were much more serious than M. Poincaré and M. Paul Reynaud pretend, and there is very little doubt that M. Reynaud went to Berlin on a semi-official mission. It seems extremely probable that what the negotiators were aiming at was an anti-Russian combination.
>
> In any case it can hardly be doubted that had the last general election in England resulted in a Conservative victory M. Briand would have used the first available pretext for breaking off diplomatic relations with Russia. The inspired leader in *Le Temps* this evening can be explained on no other hypothesis. All the arguments used by *Le Temps* against the resumption of diplomatic relations by the British Government are equally valid against their continuance by the French Government. Clearly, if diplomatic relations are resumed between Great Britain and Russia it will be difficult, if not impossible, for France to break

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them off. Indirectly, therefore, the matter does concern France. Hence the inspired indignation of *Le Temps*.

IN SPITE OF THE AGREEMENT entered into by the Pope and the *Duce*, the relations between Church and State in Italy are not progressing so smoothly as they might. One of the chief sources of trouble arises from the education of the young. The Vatican is reported in the *Giornale d'Italia* as having complained that the Fascisti had placed spies in the ranks of the Catholic Boy Scouts, and, in a recent speech to a group of these scouts who had come from all parts of the country to visit Rome, the Pope expressed the opinion that some day a need would arise for men of impeccable honesty and that such men could only be found in the Church.

At once the Fascist journals protested. They pointed out that the boys to whom these cryptic words were addressed could not have got themselves to the Vatican at all if the State-controlled railways had not allowed them to travel at a very low rate. And in reply to the veiled accusation of dishonesty in high places, the same newspapers admitted, as they well had to, that corruption did exist but that on the whole the present régime is on the level and that its key men are above reproach.

But perhaps the most revealing incident of all has to do with the suspension of the *Corriere d'Italia*, a Roman Catholic newspaper which became the organ of Don Sturzo's left-wing popular party immediately after the War but turned violently pro-Fascist when Mussolini came into power, thus alienating the sympathies of the Vatican. A few months ago, this same paper even went so far as to attack the Lateran accords, and the Government could see little to be gained in continuing to sanction an ostensibly Roman Catholic, pro-Fascist organ of which the Pope himself disapproved. As the Rome correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* says, 'Since this paper pleased neither God nor the Devil it has gone under in a crisis that is affecting all the non-confessional Catholic press and its disappearance constitutes one of the most striking indications of the present situation in Italy.'

THE FALL OF THE STREERUWITZ CABINET in Austria and the succession of Herr Schober to the chancellorship indicates an apparent triumph for the forces of reaction. Streeruwitz had attempted to give his country what is known as a 'business man's government,' the result of which was that the *Heimwehr* movement demanded that he either resign or stop compromising with the Socialists. He chose

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the former course, but his successor is not likely to recommend himself to extremists of any type as time goes on. Schober has already held the post of chancellor, having served in 1921 and 1922, and as chief of police in Vienna he quelled the violent Socialist riots that broke out during July of 1927. Like most far-sighted Austrians, he favors certain constitutional changes but he has given no evidence that he will take orders from anybody. Rumors of impending conflicts between the Reds of Vienna and the Whites of the countryside still make themselves heard, but, since nothing untoward happened even while the chancellorship was changing hands, trouble seems even less likely than ever, now that a strong hand has again taken the wheel.

FOREIGN COMMENTS on the death of Stresemann dwell chiefly on two points. In the first place, he is universally recognized as the greatest German statesman since Bismarck; and, in the second place, it is not considered that his sudden disappearance from the scene will produce such serious results as it would have if he had died only a few months sooner. The English press praises him unanimously. The Conservative *Saturday Review* remarks that 'the death of Stresemann is a blow, not only to Germany, but to Europe and to peace.' The *Spectator* says, 'He had a profound sense of European solidarity and, while contesting manfully for German rights, he never lost sight of the obligations of his country to the family of nations.' The more radical *New Statesman* refers to his death as 'a European misfortune' and calls him 'by far the ablest statesman who has appeared since the War, not only in Germany but in all Europe.'

It is only natural that the French newspapers, especially the powerful reactionary press of Paris, should be less laudatory. *Le Temps* warns Germany not to depart from Stresemann's pacific methods and in the same breath cautions its own readers not to misinterpret the motives that lay behind these methods:—

> We must not fail to grasp the principles and sentiments that determined Herr Stresemann in adopting the attitude he assumed in leading Germany along the path she has followed for the past five years. The chief diplomat in Germany had nothing of the mystic about him. On the contrary, he was a complete realist in the full meaning of the word and attached himself only to immediate possibilities. Being German in heart, mind, and soul, he had no other thought than German interests. In spite of certain general formulas that he loved to repeat, his actions lacked that generous enthusiasm for a great idea that characterizes the efforts of such a man as Briand. In spite of his evolution, Stresemann remained absolutely himself, but he did have the merit, though he was a former Imperialist, to understand that the policy of resisting the peace treaty, the policy of revenge, had no chance of proving useful to his country.

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Auguste Gauvain, the leading political writer on the *Journal des Débats*, takes an even more severe tone. He recalls the bitterness of Stresemann's language against France and accuses him of following a 'double-faced policy of equilibrium between chauvinism at home and moderation abroad.' And, if the British newspapers strike a different note, it is not the first time in recent weeks that the representative spokesmen of France and England have found themselves at odds.

HUNGARY'S FRONTIER GRIEVANCES also make themselves heard from time to time but they do not seem to have prevented the country from enjoying a very substantial return to prosperity. A special correspondent of the London *Times* writes from Budapest that the rise of Bethlen and the gradual decline of the old feudal landowners are chiefly responsible for Hungary's new lease of life. A temporary agricultural crisis exists, owing to the fall of the price of wheat in the world market, but this is more than offset by an industrial revival. Count Apponyi still makes a point of haranguing the League about Hungary's claims to certain portions of Transylvania now included in Rumania, and the Rumanian Foreign Minister, Mironescu, replies with evasive self-righteousness that peace is the one thought that occupies the minds of his countrymen.

CANADA IS LIKELY to be one of the first countries to win new markets in South America if the United States tariff rate takes a jump. Even now the Dominion exports more than $30,000,000 worth of goods a year to that part of the world, besides sending even more than that amount to the West Indies and Central America. To be sure, a considerable portion of this trade includes the products of American-Canadian branch factories and Canada is also at the disadvantage of not being equipped to practise the economies of mass production. But her advantages are many, particularly in relation to European competitors. She is not yet tarred with the brush of Yankee imperialism, but she understands American methods and, unlike Great Britain, she can produce goods suited to Latin American needs. The possibility of diverting American orders to Canadian sources of supply is openly discussed in Montevideo and Buenos Aires, and the Canadian Government is opening trade offices in Peru and Panama, while the Canadian National Steamships, which already runs a regular service to Brazil and the Rio Plate, plans similar sailings to the west coast as well.

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THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

A Spaniard, High in League Councils, Objects

By Salvador de Madariaga

From the *Times*, London Conservative Daily

ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, M. Briand gave a luncheon to the chief delegates of the European nations present at the League Assembly, and explained to them afterward his ideas on the 'United States of Europe.' The step was perfectly compatible with the constitution of the League and even with Assembly habits. British Empire gatherings, the caucuses of Spanish-American delegations, the meetings of the Locarno Powers and of the Little Entente have been permanent or semipermanent features in Geneva during Assembly or Council time. Yet there was something new and even startling in M. Briand's action. Two details may help to a realization of the impression made by the new departure. Of the Great Powers, one, Japan, had, of course, to be excluded; of the British Empire States only two, Britain and Ireland, were present. These two facts, obvious as they are, suffice to show to what an extent the new tendency cuts across the main political currents of the League.

The idea is attractive. It is admirably served by a mind equally attractive. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has led the Pan-Europa crusade from his headquarters in Vienna with a distinction and a disinterestedness which it is a pleasure to put on record. Finally, the idea has now conquered one of the most powerful of European statesmen. A number

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of daily observations come to lend practical substance to the intellectual spell which it seems to cast on so many minds. The journey from Paris to Stockholm requires no fewer than six different kinds of coinage and stamps, let alone the knowledge of five different languages, if one chooses the far from extravagant road through Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Denmark, though the whole distance may easily be put inside one American state or Chinese province. The customs barriers wherewith Europe is honeycombed have been materialized into an amusing Chinese puzzle in an ingenious map due to Sir Clive Morrison-Bell. The waste of the armaments which jealously protect this puzzle with a double line of machine guns along the inextricable network of walls composing it is appalling. The idea of solving the evils of excessive division and mutual isolation by a largely conceived federation of European States is generous and constructive. It deserves all the help which internationally trained minds can give it. It deserves, therefore, friendly and outspoken criticism.

UNDER cover of this idea there is no lack of loose thinking and talking about Council reforms. In some quarters the idea of regionalizing the Council has been adumbrated. A reduced council, possibly composed of the permanent members only, would conduct world affairs, while purely European affairs would be entrusted to a purely European council. Such a reform would no doubt enable a few European nations to take a more frequent part in the work of the Council, but this motive, to which we already owe the most unsatisfactory reform of 1926, should not be allowed to imperil the very foundations of the League. The League must remain a universal institution. That in its organization non-European States deal with European problems and *vice versa* is not a defect but a quality, not the weakness but the very source of the League's strength. Apart from the fact that the number of purely European affairs is much smaller than appears at first sight, and is, moreover, bound to diminish as world solidarity increases, the League, which is the manifestation of the unity of the world, must remain unimpaired as a universal institution. It is unthinkable that M. Briand, a fervent supporter of the League, should countenance such views. They do not come from France.

But, then, what is to be done? The answer to the question is not easy. This may explain why, to the very last, the thoughts of M. Briand should have remained in that state of vague and atmospheric fluidity so dear to creative minds. The story ran in Geneva, with more than the usual assurance, that on the eve of the historic luncheon the French Prime Minister asked Count Coudenhove-Kalergi to put a few ideas on paper. If it be true, the poet of Pan-Europa must have proved too precise for its statesman to dare quote him, or else too fluid and atmos-

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pheric to enable the delegates to disentangle his ideas from M. Briand's obscure incantations. For, despite the French statesman's persuasive voice and gestures, the Spirit of Europe refused to rap at the table of the Hôtel des Bergues.

It is, it must be owned, a most elusive spirit, not, perhaps, out of weakness, but maybe because of its very life and the astounding variety of its manifestations. Hasty thinking about Europe, conscious or subconscious comparisons with other continents, may overlook the main feature of Europe—that which makes her what she is—the feature that within her small area there is more variety and wealth of human spirit than on any similar space on the planet. Chartres and Venice, Heidelberg and Seville, Amsterdam and Budapest, Cambridge and Toledo, Naples and Stockholm, Canterbury and Cracow, Granada and Oxford, Copenhagen and Florence, and scores of other places full of definite spiritual flavor, all different, rich, creative in a specific, unforgettable way which is in itself a revelation—such is Europe. And, then, where is the European? Not in Europe, to be sure. In Europe one may find the insular Briton, the olive-skinned Greek, the sharp-witted—and sharp-tongued—Frenchwoman who thought Belgians were '*faux Français*,' the Italian proud in his new youth, the German dreaming of re-becoming, the Spaniard who has given up even his dreams, the Pole reborn, the Dutchman ever active, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes objecting to being huddled together as Scandinavians, and many more nationals very much themselves. But of Europeans, none. If we would see a European, an Anglo-Germano-Hollando-Italo-Franco-Scandinavian with a strong Irish dash and a faint flavor of Spanish civilization in the distant past, we might as well board a liner and land in New York. There we shall soon discover him, making a bold experiment with a new kind of English, or maybe dreaming of the United States of Europe, of which he is a living compendium.

NOR IS the matter much simpler if we turn from human to geographical and political facts. The vision of Europe takes the Continent as a political basis. There is, no doubt, a certain amount of Continental solidarity in which we may find inspiration for the few constructive views the new idea can yield. But is it sound to emphasize the Continent as a political unit? Is not Pan-Europa an imitation of the errors of pan-Americanism without the compensation of the advantages which pan-Americanism yields to the United States in a continent without balance of power? England knows full well that, European though she be, she is at least as deeply interested in two or three other continents. Russia, though three-fourths Asiatic, and though mostly Asiatic also in her other fourth, can hardly be excluded from Europe. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi builds his Pan-Europa without either

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England or Russia. But, then, why not exclude Spain also, whose main moral interests are in America and whose material interests are mostly Atlantic? And, if France is to be included, what is to become of northern Africa? What of Italy? And what of Greece? The fact is that seas are bases of union at least as important as, if not more so than, continents, and that the Atlantic nations, in whichever continent placed, are in closer solidarity than the European nations as such.

The problem then reveals itself as infinitely more complex than a mere federation of Continental States. The three ideas adumbrated under the banner of the United States of Europe reveal unexpected difficulties when confronted with the European facts. The theory of rationalization of industries and a wide market for European goods overlooks the truth that Europe specializes in quality and not in quantity—a discrimination without a sting against American goods, for by quality we mean distinctive difference and not merely better class. Cars and radio sets may be manufactured by mass production, but not sherry wines or rue de la Paix frocks. Moreover, the European is a strongly individualized type—personally and nationally. Though a modicum of rationalization may help Europe along, it will never transform its life, essentially rebellious to uniformity. Then again, customs barriers, absurd and excessive though they be in some cases, are but the manifestations of the existence of separate national spirits living side by side on this little Asiatic peninsula called Europe. A zollverein is impossible between them as long as the necessary solidarity, not merely of material but of spiritual interests, has not been set up between them.

A zollverein will not be the preface but the epilogue of union. Moreover, a merely economic zollverein would be unworkable without organs of political government to adjust the complex problems which it raises. It follows that nothing can be done without positing a common political consciousness which Europe has not attained yet. Finally, it is difficult to see how economic measures of European coöperation could be adopted without including in them non-European nations as intimately connected with the European economy as, for instance, the United States and the Argentine Republic.

AT EVERY corner, therefore, we find ourselves confronted with the same fact, that is, that the solidarity between European nations is no greater than that between nations in general, whether European or not. Even one convinced of the necessity of increased collaboration between European States can discover hardly any field of activity in which progress in Europe can outdistance progress in the world at large. Ties across the seas seem to develop at least as quickly as ties across the Continent, and the universal-minded will see nothing but good in the process. Efforts toward fostering European collaboration

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should, of course, be welcome, provided they do not conflict with higher interests. Political institutions of European government must not be allowed to impair the universality of the League. Economic organizations with a European basis must not prevent European nations from carrying out a coöperative non-European policy and should in no case be directed against non-European interests. American methods of mass production and rationalization should be adopted with due regard to the fact that Europe specializes in quality through individualism.

There remain the fields in which coöperation might take place with advantage within the Continent. Without denying other possibilities, it seems clear that the best opportunity for such Continental effort lies in the field of transit and communications. There is one direction in which action is overdue. Civil aviation is in a state of chaos. Rivalry, ostensibly commercial, yet hiding unpleasant military jealousies, is preventing healthy development, save perhaps in Germany, the splendid progress of whose air science and practice is fostered by the freedom from military preoccupations which she owes to the Treaty of Versailles. Now, air transport is essentially international, and, moreover, it is indispensable that an international organization should control it in order to remove distrust of civil aviation as an obstacle to air disarmament, and, therefore, to all disarmament. 'Europe' might live up to the *Zeitgeist* and begin in the air. Just as motion is proved by moving, so coöperation might be proved by coöperating in something immediately practical. Other similar activities might follow. And, while we should thus be busy working, we might quietly drop the 'United States of Europe.'

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MORE MUSSOLINI

A Radical Englishman Twits the 'Duce'

A *New Statesman* 'Leader'

From the *New Statesman*, London Labor Weekly

WE WERE WONDERING what had become of Signor Mussolini. Snowden and Briand, MacDonald and Hoover—these and still lesser names were on everybody's lips from China to Peru; the greatest of all was on nobody's—not even his own, it seemed. This oblivion, this silence, was unnatural, unprecedented; indeed, it was alarming. But now our anxieties have been set at rest. Jove is awake, and the regulation thunderbolts are whizzing. One of them has even fallen plumb into the Vatican.

The first shock was the announcement that the *Duce* was laying down seven portfolios. A fine gesture that—the resignation of seven offices at once! Whether it had really been necessary that one man should hold them all, whether he had had honest doubts of the capacity of his lieutenants, or whether he had merely gulped down departments of State for the same reason that a greedy little boy empties a bag of lollipops—these are questions we need not argue. What is significant is that the gulping of them up again is a gesture, not of weakness, but of confidence. The régime is stable, and the *Duce* can afford to ease the strain a little for himself and to reward the men whom it is his proud boast to have trained in his own ways. But it is also significant that in ceasing to hold the portfolios of War and Marine, Aviation and Colonies, Foreign Affairs and the rest, and in leaving himself with nothing but the Premiership and the Ministry of the Interior, he has no intention of diminishing his authority. Bills are in preparation which, we are told, will make the Prime Minister 'the supreme and responsible controller of all Government activity.' There is, in a word, to be more Mussolini, not less.

THIS was made abundantly clear in his speech to the Grand Assembly of the Fascisti on September 14th. There was no question, he said, of weakening the dictatorship. The enemies of Fascism, poor imbeciles, declaimed against the dictatorship, but he gloried in it. It was rooted in the necessity for an undivided command, and its strength lay in the political, moral, and intellectual force of the man exercising it and in the aims that he set before him. And that man was, is, and will continue to be Benito Mussolini, whose custom it is to mature his plans in his own brain, and to inform no one of his decisions before-

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hand, except—at the appropriate time—His Majesty the King. All this, of course, went down with his audience like a dish of spaghetti. And so, too, did his other clichés—the jeers at democracy and liberty, the adulation of the all-sovereign State, and the comparison of his work to that of Napoleon. Nor obviously was there anything to cavil at in certain modifications that he had decided on in the organization of the Fascist Party, such as the appointment of its general secretary by Royal Decree (that is, by Signor Mussolini) and of the federal secretaries by edicts of the Prime Minister, or the reduction of the numbers of the Grand Council. These changes were signs of the fact that the party has become the organ of the State. And the Fascist Party is now a really imposing affair, which beats the Communist Party in Russia hollow; for it has on its registers 1,020,000 men, 93,495 women, 85,949 boys, 560,251 girls, 53,600 female and 25,440 male students, and 2,212 professors. This means, says the *Duce* with swelling bosom, 'the enormous majority of Italians who count for anything. Never before has Italy seen such profound moral unity.' Hush, gentle reader! Do not ask impertinent questions about those 560,251 little girls and 85,949 little boys. Do not seek to know too closely why 2,212 professors are on the Fascist register, or what sort of people are all those other millions in Italy who eschew the black shirt and do not count for anything. Be content with the *Duce's* assurance that 'Fascism is unique,' and that he is its head.

But, alas, there was a passage in this same speech which casts doubts on the 'moral unity' in Italy, which, in fact, points to a growing, and maybe a dangerous, disunity. In this passage Mussolini threw down a challenge—or at least uttered a warning—to the Vatican. Everyone knows, of course, that there has been a strain for some time past in the relations of Church and State. It has already been made plain enough in pronouncements by both the head of the State and the head of the Church. The Fascist State claims an absolute supremacy which the Church will not admit, especially in the province of education, and claim and counterclaim are maintained with equal resolution. Last Saturday the *Duce* touched on this controversy with his usual audacity. The majority of the clergy, he said, were loyally supporting the Fascist régime, as one would expect—or at any rate as the Fascist leader would pretend to expect. But there was a naughty minority of priests who needed watching, and who, in fact, were being watched by nine thousand observers in every corner of Italy, ready to report to the Government any overstepping of the bounds. This taunt, or threat, not unnaturally stung the Pope into a prompt retort. In an address to a large meeting of Young Catholics on September 15th he said it was almost incredible that such a 'vigilance system' could exist in a civilized country. But the nine thousand observers would, he was sure,

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find no cause for blame in those whom they were watching, and he invited them to extend their activities to the bishops and the cardinals —which was hardly necessary, for we may be pretty certain that the *Duce* had not waited for the invitation. Later the Pope amplified his criticisms in another speech, in which, after further references to the 'watching' scandal, and exhortations to his hearers to be of good cheer, he alluded darkly to a time of stress ahead. He even took exception to Mussolini's praise of the 'loyal' majority of the clergy as honest sons of the people who ride their bicycles to the markets and fairs to mix freely with the common crowd of humanity. This, in its turn, has provoked the Fascist Press to some strong, and even rude, rejoinders, and there can be little doubt that the tension is serious.

THERE is, then, not only a patent breach in the 'moral unity' of Italy, but the possibility of its widening into a disastrous conflict. We do not presume to prophesy the results of such a conflict either for the Church or for the State. If the whole body of the clergy should be driven into rebellion, it would, no doubt, be awkward for Mussolini, for he would not only be confronted with the conservative section of the Church making a stand for its religious principles; he might—and probably would—have to face the suppressed radical wing, the adherents of Don Sturzo and the *Partito Popolare*, who would seize the opportunity to renew the fight for political democracy. On the other hand, his strength lies in the widespread and deep-seated anticlericalism of all classes of the Italian people. To say this is not to suggest that all or most Italians are atheists. It is simply to state the fact, as well known in the Vatican as it is outside, that claims of the Church to domination in secular, as distinct from religious matters, are commonly resented even by devout Catholics. Italy is not, and will not easily consent to be, a priest-ridden country. And if there should be a pitched battle on this issue, we believe that Mussolini could command the support of many who pay but lip service to Fascism, and even of some of its open adversaries. Whether a defeat of the Church would consolidate his régime or hasten its break-up is a question to which we venture no answer. But it seems from his present attitude that he is not afraid of taking risks. And, braggart though he is, he is not a ninny.

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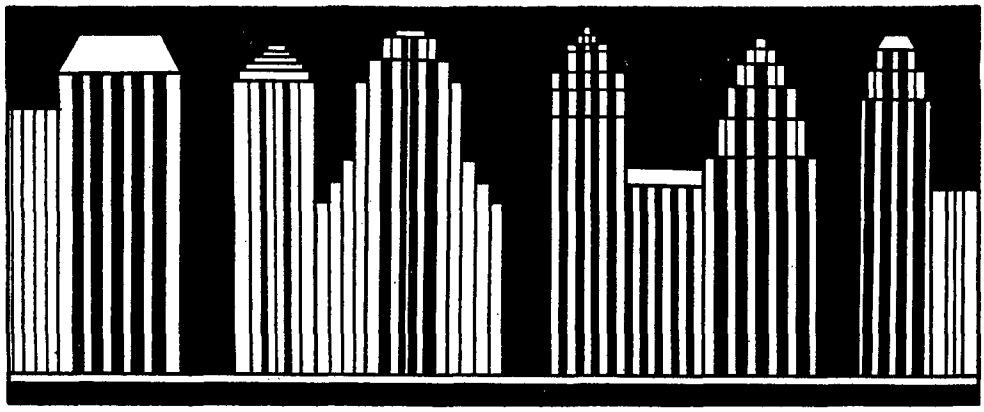

THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

By Paul Fechter

Translated from the *Revista de Occidente,* Spanish Monthly

THERE ARE SIGNS that we are becoming space-minded. Space, that mysterious medium in which we live, has become a subject of controversy. Spatial values are not only rediscovered by young architects, but they enter into the modern dance, modern art, and the new theatre. Reinhardt turning to the amphitheatre, Jessner building his staircase, Mary Wigman creating her dramatic dances, these are indications that we are newly preoccupied with our own three dimensional existence.

Everyone perceives his relation to space in his environment. A child who grows up in a short, narrow, dark space receives a different soul from that of a child who moves in a spatial world that is vast, free, clear, and wide. I even think we could go a step further and assert that the inhabitants of the different parts of the world have each been born with a peculiar sense of space. It even seems as if there might exist a European space, an American space, an Asiatic space, each one of which has developed according to different basic laws. Each seems conditioned by the mysterious forces of its soil, in which the individual grows and to which his parcel of space belongs.

I shall try to explain what I mean by different kinds of space by taking a concrete experience: the difference between land space and sea space. Anyone who has made a long ocean voyage recalls the curi-

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ous impression he receives when he goes on deck. He tries to sense the distance, grandeur, and immensity of the marine spectacle, but feels that such concepts have no relation to what is really there. On the top deck of one of the most powerful modern vessels we are not by any means in an immense extension of space, but in the centre of a relatively small crystal bell, on an equally small piece of water. Even on the clearest day the horizon gives us the impression of being nearer than a land horizon. Marine space is small, personal; it is a curiously unspatial space, with its clean, beautiful, round horizon, and a clean, beautiful, round celestial bell hanging over it. One might call it the small, particular space of the ship itself, that moves across the other great invisible space of the sea. A small hemisphere slides slowly through space with a movement that we cannot see.

This hemisphere of which we are the centre undergoes a sudden transformation as soon as land enters the visual field. The earth, in the low curve of the horizon, breaks the crystal wall of the hitherto spaceless dome; the closed inner space in which we have been dwelling is torn on the horizon and splits open. The sky suddenly looks as if it were behind the land and seems to be much farther away from us than the simple horizon of the sea.

This phenomenon cannot be due to the land alone, because when ships passed us at sea they did not have the effect of increasing space. It is simply a psychic experience that cannot be explained, but must be taken as it is. It justifies us in speaking of land space and sea space, and, consequently, I think, allows us to differentiate land space by continents. For our sense of space depends on fundamental geological conditions.

SUPPOSE, for instance, that men born in European space emigrate across the sea to a land with entirely different dimensional conditions. Suppose, moreover, that these men do not regard that land as their home, as their native soil, but merely look upon it as a piece of property. Then let us imagine that swarms of immigrants with an alien sense of space follow the first colonists, and that the races intermarry and wander about, never settling in any fixed spot. And finally suppose that these men, still dominated, in part, by European space ideas, are obliged to build cities and colonies in a New World. Bear all these things in mind and you may get some idea of what the men who first had to treat space in America, the builders and architects, were up against.

Let us begin by considering the way Washington, the most American of cities, is planned. It has wide streets well planted with trees. It has many squares and its houses—outside the negro district—look like Old World villas, although the majority of them date from the year 1890.

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The most important building here is the Capitol, whose white cupola shines through the night, illuminated by invisible reflectors. This structure lies on the fundamental axis of the city, the backbone which was originally meant to support the entire plan, whereby the city was to build itself before the Capitol. But the city did not obey instructions; it remained calmly to one side, while in front of the Capitol only middle-class suburbs have grown up.

In the prolongation of the chief axis of the Capitol, a wide strip of greensward extends, while far away, behind this green expanse, the gigantic Washington monument rises clear and upright in the sky. On the same line and still farther away stands the Lincoln Memorial. The idea of placing these three architectural works on the same great radius is very beautiful; but our eyes cannot grasp them at once, because a European architectural idea has been transported to American space and American space rejects it. European values cannot be transformed by mere enlargement. In spite of all historical considerations, these three buildings have no intimate relation to the earth and the space whose history they represent.

Let me turn for another example to New York and to Washington Square, a huge square, even larger than those in Russia. On its northern side stands a row of low brick houses, but all the other sides are given over to a confused hodgepodge of buildings in every style and size. A university lecture hall is twice the height of the nearest house; opposite this stand a church, a factory, several small dwelling houses, and some tall office buildings. One cannot approach this medley with the European conception of what the sides of a square should be. If the whole square were surrounded by the old brick houses, it would be more agreeable to European eyes, but still it would not be organized. The clearing would be too large, the walls around it too low, while, if they were raised, they would lose their relation to man, taken as a standard of measure, and the result would be a cube, not a real square, or a plaza. Obviously the men who planned this square worked with a European sense of space, but they used American proportions. Their attempt was, therefore, bound to fail.

THE builders of American cities all set out with the intention of expressing American space with size. The American cities that I saw, large and small, always had plenty of space, but the buildings bore no immediate relation to it. Americans have not achieved a space of their own; nor have they been able to develop an architecture in our sense of the word. Architecture in America has not been stifled because it never so much as existed. Even in the colonial houses, this singular disunion with the earth persists. The good architectural works of Russia, Italy, France, or Germany are final, they belong eternally to

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their soil, to the people who grew there and are still growing. If one tore them down, a barren, empty hole would remain. American buildings, on the contrary, seem made to be destroyed.

The same quality may be seen in the streets. In the lower end of Manhattan, one can still perceive the old plan of the streets laid out in the European style, with European width, and natural curves and angles. A fragment of Europe has been transported to the other side of the Atlantic, giving rise, incidentally, to a grotesque monument celebrating the evolution of the new country. I refer to the present skyscraper section of downtown New York, where the narrow streets, in the most important part of the city, have compelled the buildings to develop in height and have produced those famous structures which are considered authentic examples of the architecture of the new America.

In streets no wider than those of Europe, tower buildings have risen that bear no relation to their surroundings. Space here is treated simply, one-dimensionally, vertically, but the real American space, as an emotional reality, evidently remains inaccessible to the persons who have built there.

The new streets, unlike those downtown, were constructed along the same lines of city planning as Washington's, and they give one the same impression of inconceivable immensity. Broadway, for instance, takes ten hours to cover, and the other avenues are no shorter. They, too, run in straight lines, disordered, unbroken, without any architectural relation to space. No plaza, no point of view, no scale, nothing. Simply a street running into the infinite.

HERE perhaps we have reached the root of the matter. The old cities of Europe, even where their plans resulted from the caprice or good judgment of princes, flowed from a whole, from a community. The nation that gave birth to these cities had sprung entirely from European soil, from its peculiar forms, its growths, and its mysteries. This basis is lacking in America. The persons who built and are building American cities came from Europe; they are strangers; even those whose ancestors came over on the *Mayflower*. What can three centuries do for processes that need thousands of years? These people came as colonists, they wanted to obtain certain advantages. They built cities because they needed them; they built streets to fulfill their practical needs. Whereas the European community was definitely a spiritual community, the Americans rapidly developed a business community above which there never floated any unifying ideal, any national, spiritual, or religious conception, only the idea of success.

In New York one senses almost immediately the grotesque discord between Americans and their space world. Here the American commercial community, in which individuals are never fused, but merely

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placed on top of each other, has found its most robust expression. In the downtown skyscrapers, one sees with terrible clarity the scheme of American communal life, the inert juxtaposition of one person upon another, without any relation to the earth, or to space, or to true collectivity. One feels particularly the disproportion of vital space allotted to the fortunate few, and to the submerged masses.

This strange American spatial world, or architecture—as it is euphemistically called—asserts itself at the entrance to New York Harbor. As the light shadow of the morning fog slowly rises, something like the crest of an irregular hill appears in the distance. Then, one by one, the skyscrapers emerge. But the nearer we approach the less are we able to realize their width, magnitude, and height.

When the European visitor gets as far as the lower Hudson, the huge office buildings at once belie the impressions he has received from photographs. Heavily and slowly, these structures totter stupidly out of the range of vision, giving only an impression of more and more cement. One is forced to abandon all hope of receiving a sense of architecture, of space, or proportion and this sensation becomes still more disagreeable when the traveler visits lower Manhattan. At first, there is something about the streets that is reminiscent of Europe, although the houses are usually two or three times higher. But as soon as one enters the financial district all sense of measure vanishes. How wide are the streets, in relation to ours? How high are the buildings, in relation to ours? There is no way of telling. Two houses four stories high stand next to three buildings eighteen stories high. Across the street there is one building with twenty-eight floors, another with five, then one with nine, and three others with three. Next comes a building with forty floors, and, in the midst of it all, a church. There is no space here in the European sense of the word, because there is no order, only individual caprice; nothing is final, everything is temporary.

BUT ONE cannot discuss American space simply in terms of city plans and architecture. It is necessary also to speak of the landscape, which makes the same powerful impact on European senses as the cities. The American countryside is undeveloped. The panorama along the Hudson to West Point is very beautiful, but there is no way of measuring heights or distances. One feels its loveliness, but one feels its strangeness, too, and the same thing happens on the Potomac near Mount Vernon, where great tranquil hills sink into the river. It is impossible to remember the width of the river, or the height of the hill, for it is a completely anti-European landscape. In fact, it is easier for a European with European ideas of space in his soul and European dimensions in his mind to sense the spaces of the country as the true Americans, the Indians, must have felt them during the thousands of

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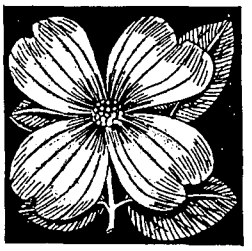
years they lived upon this soil. For it is here in the open that one perceives the enormous labor the Europeans undertook in the past three centuries, during which they have always been bound by a European spell in a strange world.

When we stand in Mount Vernon before George Washington's country house and remember New York, it occurs to us that that city, in its lack of soul, in its lack of spatial values, represents the first chapter of a human tragedy, a tragedy of people who are separated from their own spatial world. The struggle for real space in that city, a struggle which leads to skyscrapers and streets that run for miles, becomes a struggle for psychic space. What appeared to be business becomes metaphysics. And the suggestion that the Americans of to-day are gradually coming to resemble the primitive Indians acquires a new significance. When these men have grown close enough to the soil to penetrate it with their energies and characters, when they become in turn like the men whom this soil naturally created, they will perhaps come to have a natural, true, intimate relation with its space, which they can truly express in their architecture, returning to the old buildings of the indigenous races, perhaps to the pyramids of Teotihuacan. But that begins a new problem, which can be left to puzzle future generations.



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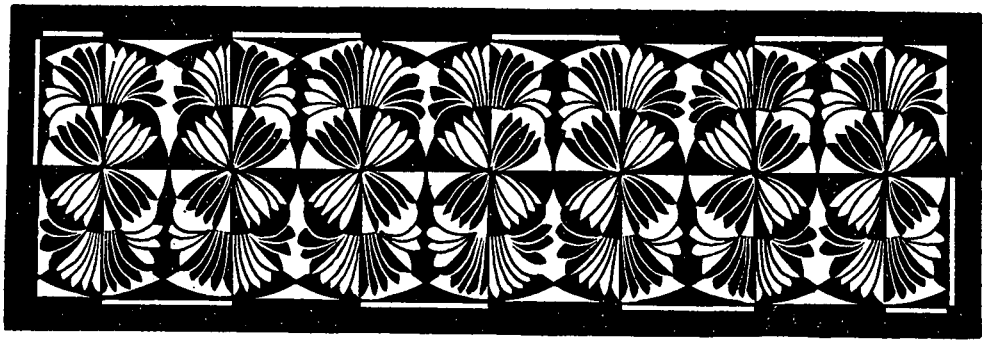

A PRINCE OF ZANZIBAR AT HOME

By Prince Max of Hohenlohe

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

NEAR THE EAST AFRICAN mainland of Tanganyika, the heavenly island of Zanzibar lies alone, surrounded by the Indian Ocean. Although this Garden of Eden is only seventy-two miles long and forty-two miles broad, it shelters 106,000 natives beneath its enormous cocoanut groves, its clove and mango trees, as well as in its numerous native villages and in its ancient Arabian capital. About two hundred Europeans, most of them British, rule the island as a protectorate. In characteristic British fashion, a few high officials impose their rule without any visible evidence of military force. During the day they play football, golf, cricket, and tennis, wearing plus fours and rolled-up shirt sleeves. In the evening they appear in correct, formal dinner jackets at bridge and poker tables, where they drink either whiskey and soda or wine. Hordes of bronze and black natives surround this small group, which they serve and obey assiduously. The Englishman controls all these savages without a whip, relying on a nonchalant gesture to command their respect. But he knows that his money and sea power are always a secret source of strength.

Recently, however, immigrants from India have begun to subject the British on Zanzibar to competition of a disagreeable nature. The Hindus, because of their brisk business activity and their excellent commercial sense, have already established a perceptible influence. Undoubtedly they play less football and bridge than their Anglo-Saxon tutors, but they accomplish more in the way of good, hard work.

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A wealthy Parsee merchant, well known in Hamburg, held a splendid banquet for me and for most of the European élite of Zanzibar. There was an abundance of choice European dainties, even including champagne and old Moselle wine. The table service of costly crystal had come originally from Germany and was the host's most treasured possession. He himself looked so faultlessly European in his well-cut dinner jacket that one might easily forget that he belonged to one of those uncanny sects of the faith of Zoroaster whose adherents cast out their dead to be eaten by vultures. When he was discreetly asked about this practice, he explained simply: 'Our religion is predominantly philosophic and æsthetic. The thought of burying our dead in the ground, where they would be devoured by worms, is repugnant to us. We prefer to give them to the birds, who bear them through the wide heavens to the very throne of God.'

AS IS the case on almost all islands, the life of Zanzibar whirls around an axis. The natural beauty of distant landscapes, the plantations, the native huts and villages revolve about a central point and have gradually condensed into a city of stone. This city, also called Zanzibar, includes the whole of the extreme southern end of the island, and it is here that all activities are centred. When your ship arrives in the harbor of this tropical Venice and glides over the water past all the Arabian palaces that line the shore, you can hardly realize that mammoth forests of cocoa palms and clove trees are growing almost directly behind the town. Zanzibar, a city without any visible hinterland, gleams like a white shell tossed up from the sea. And an open fissure in the shell, a wide street, mounts into the core of the old city, where it narrows down to the alleys of the Indian bazaar.

The city of Zanzibar is a miniature Bombay, with Indian bazaars, mosques, Brahmin and Parsee temples, Buddhist pagodas, and Hindu movie houses showing original Indian films with captions in Hindustani and Gujarati. The music for the cinema is furnished by patriarchal choirs singing in Oriental harmony. Although civilization is advancing even on this isolated island, its progress has fortunately been so slow that for a long time to come Zanzibar will remain a peaceful, dreamy land of faëry. Yet when you walk along the street past the poorer Hindu dwellings and look through their open doors into the rooms on the ground floor, you see a vast amount of trash of semi-European origin. You encounter lithographs representing the bosom of the divine Mother pierced by seven daggers, or Vishnu, the youthful god with seven arms who plays upon a flute, or Buddha with his wise smile. And in the lower corners of these lithographs it is always possible to find, printed in conspicuous Roman type, the name of some German manufacturing firm in Leipzig or Berlin.

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THE former Sultan of Zanzibar and Pemba was regarded with disfavor by the British because he kept on hand fourteen Parisian secretaries. These proved to be so expensive a luxury that they finally cost him his throne. It seems that the British official at the head of the local government did not consider an Arabian sultan's addiction to a French harem worth the expenditure necessary for maintaining it, and, in consequence, the Sultan was removed and his place filled by a man who could not bear the sight of French women. The deposed monarch is now dead, and his eldest son, Prince Saud-Ali, is the legitimate sultan. But the youthful noble, an accomplished gentleman and true aristocrat despite his dark skin, has been reduced to the rank of a second-class prince. With ineffable Oriental fatalism and without the slightest trace of resentment, he devotes himself to supervising his clove plantations and to the Anglo-Saxon diversions of boxing and football. Thus are the children made to expiate the sins of the fathers!

Besides being an accomplished boxer, tennis player, and golfer, the Prince is distinguished in manner and bearing. The court intrigues of former days do not disturb the relations between him and the new ruling family, for it happens that his sister married the son of the present Sultan. Furthermore, the handsome youth shows no trace of embarrassment or ill humor over his status. Not only is he one of the most impressive negro types, but he is also one of the most unspoiled and serene human beings I have ever met. It may be that he feels more free as a simple citizen than he would as Sultan of Zanzibar under an English protectorate.

The first time I saw him he leaped beside me into an automobile with the agility and vigor of a trained athlete, for he had invited me to motor with him through his wonderful island. Leaving the city behind us, we passed over an old bridge into the first native village, half of whose inhabitants are Indians. In spite of the intense tropical heat, it was refreshing to observe that there were no snake charmers here or Indian fakirs, and no rug merchants or any of the other bugbears of Oriental tourist centres, nothing but a truly Oriental people leading a natural existence. The inhabitants, gold and black of skin, were squatting languidly in front of their doors or working near their huts. We saw mostly negro women, half naked, with long ropes of brilliant ornamental discs hanging from their ears and silver rings through their noses and around their arms and legs. As our automobile drove by they all sprang quickly to their feet and formed a sort of lane, saluting us with a truly comical attempt to be military. As we passed through village after village, not a single native remained seated at our approach. Old medicine men croaked out prophetic wishes of good fortune to the son of the former Sultan, but Saud-Ali dismissed them in a somewhat ungracious and ironic manner, merely dangling his large hands behind

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him and shrugging his shoulders as if to say: 'That's all right, quite all right!' He did not like to be reminded of his lost sultanate, but only wanted to show me the island and to savor the invigorating fragrance of his groves of clove trees.

HIS younger brother, Farid, sat at my other side in a philosophic mood, busily wielding his fly fan, with its beautifully carved handle of ivory. Obviously he was very proud of this fan, and I could not resist admiring the ivory handle. In the most friendly tone imaginable the young prince urged me to take it as a keepsake, whereupon I realized that one should never admire the personal belongings of a sultan, for he will promptly offer them as a gift. Incidentally, that brief request was all that Farid uttered in the course of our tour of many hours' duration. He was completely absorbed in the landscape which flew by us in long vistas of giant mango trees, cocoanut palms, and groves of spices. The natural beauty affected him just as a Beethoven sonata affects a musical European. A garden of paradise seemed to be putting forth its rarest fruits all about us—mangoes of flaring red, green bananas, peaches, apricots, almonds, and every intoxicating fruit that paradise itself might provide. We saw innumerable native villages and inspected the earliest palace of the Zanzibar sultans, erected three hundred years ago by the first Arabian sultan, an ancestor of my companions, and now crumbling with age and overgrown with liana vines. In the moats of its garden there blossoms that miraculous flower of the East, the blue lotus, a source of joy to myriads of exotic butterflies. The spicy, warm fragrance of clove, the most lucrative product of the island, kept growing heavier and now we passed millions of harvested cloves, spread out in the farmyards along our route drying in the sun.

Hour after hour we rode through this paradise of groves and palm forests, and when evening came the whole sky shimmered with delicate rainbow colors, as if multitudes of brilliantly plumed flamingoes were flying above us in iridescent clouds.

'My country is beautiful, isn't it?' the Prince kept asking eagerly, and it was lovely, undeniably, with its alleys of mango trees, its forests of clove, banana, and breadfruit, its groves of palm, its tranquil, hidden gardens, its Swahili villages, and its ancient Arabian city populated by multi-colored Indo-African inhabitants and set in a sea of cobalt with a sky of lapis lazuli overhead. Veritably, Zanzibar is a Garden of Eden, a paradise upon earth. And this, the richest island of the British East African Empire, was once German, but for strategic reasons William II chose to exchange it with England for Heligoland. For the most barren group of rocks in the North Sea, rocks that the encroaching waves are slowly eating away, we gave up an African Ceylon.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

George Moore's Last Book

INTERVIEWED BY Miss Viola E. Hemmens of the London *Sunday Times*, George Moore revealed that he is now engaged in completing the last book he will ever write, *Aphrodite in Aulis*. In the twilight of his life, Mr. Moore's interests wander farther and farther away from the modern scene. *The Brook Kerith*, published in 1916, was laid in Palestine at the time of Christ; *Heloise and Abelard*, published in 1921, was set in the Middle Ages; and now he has gone all the way back to the period of Pericles. When he was asked why he did not describe the invasion of Ireland by the Bruces, he replied that he would have to 'study every hill and every river, read Froissart for a year, and then draw the bolts and bar the doors for three years.' And he doubts if his health could stand the strain.

But Mr. Moore's aversion to modern life seems to be even stronger than his yearning for the past and he speaks of 'abandoning modern life' because it is 'too highly mechanized for art.' He finds that a man is 'more human' on horseback than in the rumble seat of a Chevrolet and prophesies that art will soon be 'dead as a dodo.' He cannot say precisely why he has chosen to immerse himself in the Age of Pericles and he assured his interviewer that his last years would be spent in southern France. The thought, however, of paddling his feet 'in the bluest and beautifulest of seas' where, 'surrounded by honorable women,' he would 'æstheticize the days away,' started his mind working and he confessed he might do a little writing. 'Everybody reads *Robinson Crusoe*,' he observed, 'but nobody reads it to the end. *Robinson Crusoe* should end on an island.' This fault and other faults in other masterpieces, Mr. Moore may attend to.

> It would amuse me to provide *Robinson Crusoe* with a new end. Nobody has corrected the blunders of the old masters in literature, though this has been done very often in music. Liszt altered Chopin's endings, and drove Chopin nearly crazy by doing so. Wagner altered the end of Gluck's Overture to *Alcestis*—or was it *Iphigenia in Aulis?* I have forgotten. Why should not the experiment be made in literature? There is such a good excuse, too, in this case—for nobody reads the end of *Robinson Crusoe*.

At present Mr. Moore is occupied in the gay task of reading *Ulysses* in the French translation that has just appeared. James Joyce himself brought the book around, and, though Moore expressed some annoyance at Joyce's assumption that he would read nothing but French, he feels that destiny has been at work.

> When I was in the nursing home a friend made me a present of a reading desk, and I often wondered why he sent it. Now I know—it was because the gods had decreed I should read *Ulysses*, which would be impossible without a reading desk.

Back-Stage Drama in Berlin

THE STATE THEATRE in Berlin has lately been shaken by a back-stage domestic drama involving three of its most popular stars. The heroine of the piece is Hilda Körber, wife of Viet Harlan, whose friend and colleague,

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Fritz Kortner, provided the fireworks. It seems that while Harlan was filling a temporary engagement at another theatre, Kortner began paying extravagant attentions to his wife in a public restaurant. The news was at once passed on to the husband, who was in the midst of a performance. He promptly collapsed and the play had to be halted for half an hour before he could continue.

The next day he visited the offices of the State Theatre and announced that he would not take part in a forthcoming production in which Kortner was also expected to appear. Friends of the two men, however, had almost succeeded in patching matters up when Kortner boasted that Harlan's wife had pursued him with her attentions to London at a time when Harlan thought he was in Brussels. News of this fresh indiscretion so enraged the unfortunate husband that he rushed up to Kortner in the midst of a rehearsal and challenged him to repeat it. Kortner refused to answer and turned on his heel, whereupon Harlan produced a whip and gave his colleague such a thrashing that first aid had to be administered. The rehearsal stopped and Harlan was told that his services were no longer required, but he protested so vigorously that he was let off with some slight disciplinary measure, and the management agreed to dismiss Kortner instead as soon as possible. But the producer of the play in which the men were to appear refused to surrender so easily and succeeded in getting the two actors to agree to sign a joint statement, prepared by a corps of lawyers, stating that it was possible for them to act together and still retain their honor. Needless to say, the box office receipts have proved more than gratifying.

Suicide Induced by Radio

A POEM BY JAMES STEPHENS broadcast by a British radio station led directly to the suicide of an Englishwoman, forty-one years of age, named Mrs. Evelyn Mary Davis. Her husband, a native of Bromley in the county of Kent, stated at an inquest that the 'miserable poetry' his wife had heard, together with the fact that she had no children, depressed her so much that she took her own life. An official of the British Broadcasting Company then appeared on the scene and made this announcement:—

> The case must be an isolated instance. Since the series of poetry readings was inaugurated, about a year ago, there has been a steady growth in the correspondence expressing appreciation. As a matter of fact, we undertook the series with some trepidation. We did not know whether it would 'go down' with the ordinary listener. Judging by the letters we receive, however, people, as a result, are acquiring a taste for poetry. We do not ban sad poetry from the readings. We make the selections in the same way as one would choose an anthology of an author's work. Nevertheless, there has not been a single complaint of the poems inducing depression. If they had that effect generally we should soon hear about it, especially when one considers the number of hospital patients among our listeners.

Mr. Bernard Shaw took, as usual, the opposite point of view. 'I wonder there are not more suicides,' he remarked. 'At the same time, it is so very easy to turn off the loud speaker that I think I should prefer that course. Personally, I can stand Stephens's poetry quite well.'

Mr. John Drinkwater proved more sympathetic:—

> I think the broadcasting of poetry is a very good thing. The spoken word over the radio is one of the best ways in which poetry can be brought to the people. I do not agree with broadcasting miserable poetry, but I do not believe in miserable poetry anyway. Of course, there is tragic poetry, and that should not be excluded from broadcasting. Tragic poetry braces people; it does not make them miserable.
>
> I do not know the circumstances of this pathetic case, but I cannot imagine what there is to make people miserable in Mr. Stephens's work.

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Mr. Stephens is an Irishman and the author of *A Crock of Gold* and *Etched in Moonlight*, a masterly collection of short stories published about a year ago. The title of the poem that depressed Mrs. Davis so much has not been revealed.

A Japanese Baron Forgets

THE PUNCTILIOUS CODE of the Japanese nobility is beautifully illustrated in a controversy that has arisen over the failure of the ancient and retired Major General Baron Zenji Kuroda to inform the Imperial Household Department that his title was to be bestowed upon his son. Because neither the father nor the young man went through the necessary formalities of notification, the title has now lapsed and the son, to his great distress, automatically becomes Mr. Takao Kuroda, commoner.

The incident had its beginning in August of last year, when the father was forced by eye trouble to relinquish his rank and live in retirement. This is the story he tells:—

> I fell ill in August last year, and I presented my request to the Imperial Household Department, expressing my desire to retire from the peerage. Since then I have been entrusting all my family affairs to my son and forgot all about the legal steps to be gone through for my son's succession.
>
> As he was young, my son thought the step might be taken in two or three years, and that was a great mistake. The period within which the step had to be taken has passed and we regret it very much, but nothing can be done at present.
>
> My son had no intention of relinquishing the title, but he had to part with it under the circumstances. We feel responsibility for having forgotten the Peers' regulations but regret that we had failed to receive any warning or advice from the Imperial Household Department to remind us.
>
> Last July I went to the Imperial Household Department on business and as my title, 'Retired Baron,' was struck out by an official of the Department, I was surprised and inquired about it. I was told that my family had no longer the title of Baron.

In reply to this hard-luck story Viscount Sengoku, the official in charge of the peerage, could only express his regrets. 'We felt very sorry for him,' he said, 'and discussed steps to restore the lost title to his family, but I could not think of any as the regulations must be obeyed to the letter. In similar cases we used to send warnings to the persons concerned, but this time we did not receive even the retirement application and under the circumstances we could not do anything. This is the first event of the kind in the country.'

British Cooking Reviled

THE MEAT TRADERS of England, in solemn conclave at Bath, listened to an amusing address on 'the deplorable performance which passes in this country under the name of cooking' and received advice as to how their sinking business might be revived. The Mayor of Bath, Councilor Aubrey Bateman, called for 'a female Baden-Powell' to 'arise and infuse the Girl Guide movement with the same desire for good actions as the Boy Scouts, and teach the women of this country really how to cook, rather than merely to cremate or to serve up raw, as in the days of our forefathers. Women in reality know very little about food. I am informed that when without their menfolk a hard-boiled egg is considered an ideal meal. What is wanted is a close alliance between the meat trade and cooking, and publicity for the excellent dishes that can be made of those parts of meat now little in demand.'

The business of the conference was devoted to considering how the roast beef of Old England could be marketed more successfully and it was unanimously agreed that advertising would do the trick. So Americanized has England become and so far away has she fallen from many of her time-honored practices that high-pressure methods now have

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to be used to induce the country to return to the good old days again. Of course the high cost of living and widespread unemployment have a good deal to do with the declining popularity of meat, but a change of taste also seems to have set in. Furthermore, the fruit trade has advanced by leaps and bounds, thanks to lively advertising campaigns, and a fish boom is also under way. Perhaps advertising can also make England safe for roast-beef eaters, but it is more probable that such stern substitutes as orange juice have come to stay.

The Pigeon Murder Plot

MR. S. S. VAN DINE may have shown rare imagination in devising *The Canary Murder Case*, but it has remained for a real live German to introduce real live pigeons into an ingenious plot of blackmail and destruction. The incident occurred in the Duisburg coal-mining district, where a certain Herr Pattberg, the manager of a local colliery, found that someone had left at his door a cage containing two carrier pigeons. To this cage was pinned a note announcing that unless Pattberg released the pigeons with bank notes worth more than $1,000 attached to each of them, his days were numbered.

The Duisburg police, who were promptly notified, turned at once to a well known aviator, Karl Bodenkamp, and asked him if he thought he could track a homing pigeon to its lair. He said he thought he could, but suggested a few preliminary trials which proved successful.

A concerted plan of attack was accordingly laid. Bodenkamp flew his machine over Duisburg and one of the pigeons was released from an agreed-upon spot. The bird set out in a bee line for the northwest, followed by the aviator, who pursued his quarry across the Rhine and on to a house near Homberg, a distance of some five miles. An observer who was stationed in the plane took some excellent pictures of the house in which the pigeon finally landed and turned these photographs over to the police. They had no difficulty in locating the spot and discovered in back of the house a pigeon cote belonging to an unemployed miner who was so overwhelmed at being discovered that he confessed everything on the spot.

A British P. T. Barnum

MR. CHARLES BLAKE COCHRAN is the one British promoter built on a truly American scale, and his plans for the coming year indicate that he must be at the height of his powers. Together with Archibald Selwyn, he is paying two hundred and fifty British actors and actresses a total of $30,000 a week to perform British plays in America. At home, he is cultivating the sadly neglected provincial public and promises to give it as good entertainment as can be seen in the best London playhouses.

Mr. Cochran's 'smash hit' of the moment is *Bitter Sweet*, an operette, so called, by Noel Coward. It has already made a phenomenal success in London, though the highbrows scoff at it, and will presently be shown in New York, where the leading part will be played by an English actress, while in London the American singer, Peggy Wood, is featured. With the theatre-going public of Great Britain, the name of C. B. Cochran carries with it the same popular prestige that the words, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., enjoy in the United States. Recently a Manchester theatre had only to post a simple billboard announcing that Mr. C. B. Cochran's revue, *Wake Up and Dream*, was about to be shown and it received $40,000 cash in advance orders, more, even, than *Strange Interlude* has drawn in Quincy—and without any help from the Boston censor, either. Since the average provincial theatre in England cannot afford to pay its leading man more than $50 a week, this is an achievement, indeed.

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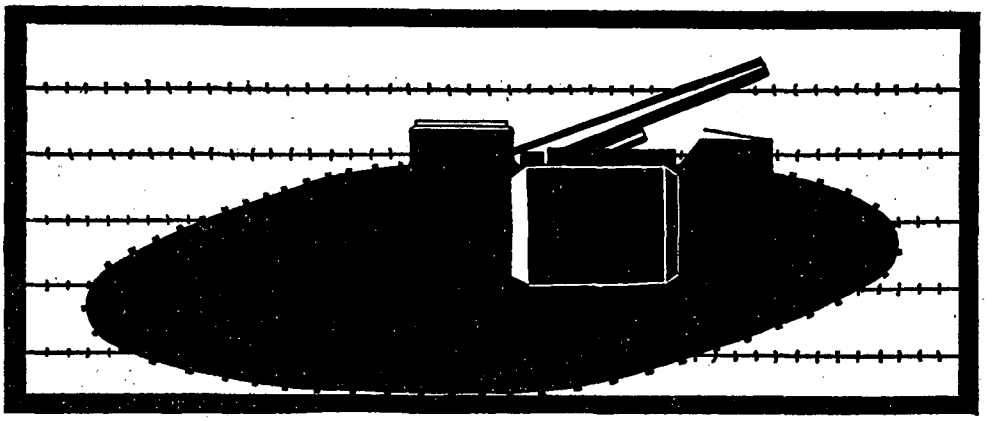

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE

The Former Chief of the German Reichswehr Talks of War and Peace

By General von Seeckt

Translated from the *Revue de Genève,* Swiss International Monthly

IN SPITE OF EVERY EFFORT, the World War failed to end in the crushing of one army by the other upon the field of battle. Instead, it degenerated into a static condition in which the adversaries took up positions and held them until—after men, matériel, and morale had been taxed too far—one belligerent bowed, though it did not break, before the superior forces of the other. But did the victors enjoy the fruits of true victory? Were the advantages procured by those who won the War in proportion to the tremendous sacrifices made on both sides? No. And, therefore, though war may be inevitable, it does not seem likely that whole peoples will ever again come into conflict as they did in 1914–1918. For the military man of to-day is asking himself whether armies so gigantic as those of the World War can ever be handled in such a way as to bring about a definitive victory, and whether a conflict which involves such masses of men does not inevitably end in a stalemate.

LET US look, therefore, at what the great nations are doing to-day as a result of their World War experience—with the exception, of course, of those nations whose military activities are limited by the conditions of the treaties of peace.

The United States and Great Britain have, for all practical purposes, returned to their pre-War military institutions, that is to say, to the

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principle of small, well-trained peace-time armies. The United States has further brought about a basic reorganization of its plans for the mobilization of industry and for military training, while Great Britain has brought military aviation to a high point of development.

France is about to reorganize her army. The principle upon which she is working, in contradistinction to that followed by Great Britain and the United States, is to create and maintain a peace-time army which shall be practically adequate for war-time and whose full force can be brought to bear on very short notice. France further plans to create a strong body of reserves by taking every advantage of the possibilities offered by compulsory military service. The length of service has been greatly reduced so as to permit the military instruction of every male citizen capable of bearing arms without having to maintain too many in garrison at any one time. At the same time, the number of voluntarily enlisted men is being increased, and the peace-time army will thereby be greatly improved in quality. Mobilization of industry, military training for the young, and the use of negro troops have been carefully worked out. The French aviation corps is extremely powerful and extremely alert.

Italy can count upon the Fascist militia to supplement her professional army. She is showing extraordinary activity in pushing forward the military and Fascist education of the young.

Russia, her development obstructed by a thousand obstacles, is, like France, attempting to create an army which shall be always ready for immediate action and which shall be large enough to guarantee the security of the country. She furthermore is making an effort to bring into line her whole able-bodied male population through a militia system.

The newly created armies of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia operate in general on the pre-War Continental system: compulsory military service, minimum length of active service, and the maintenance of peace-time armies adequate to assure national security.

In the light of these facts it would seem that the lesson of the World War has not resulted in any great change in the principles of military organization. Large, mass armies are still envisaged. But some new points of view are appearing. The economic pressure under which most nations are living is forcing them to consider a reduction of armaments, and likewise to hold down as closely as possible the most expensive item, which is the maintenance of very large standing armies. They are being forced also to cut down the period of unproductivity which long military service means to the working man.

On the other hand, the general political situation is forcing these same nations to be on their guard against attack, which they can do only with the assistance of a well-trained standing army. In discussing

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the possibility of bringing about peace through disarmament, it must be recognized that it is these large standing armies which represent the real danger to peace, rather than elaborate preparations for war in the form of economic mobilization and military training, which are defensive in character and in direct proportion to the danger of attack in which a nation considers itself to be.

LET US attempt to picture what war will be like in the future, without losing sight of the fact that our present-day ideas and plans are not likely to fit into this picture at all, and that the next war, from a military point of view, will probably be carried on in a manner quite different from that which I shall here attempt to describe. The war will open with the air fleets of the two opponents attacking each other, since these arms can be made ready for action most quickly and can make contact with the enemy with the least delay. The objective in the early days of the war will not be the enemy's capital nor the enemy's industry, but the opposing aërial force. Only after this has been destroyed can an attack be made upon other objectives. If the air fleets of the two belligerents are roughly equal in strength, it will take a long while for a decision to be reached, even if one party is reduced to taking the defensive. The attacker's material and moral success will depend upon the quality of the passive resistance offered by the attacked. Any large concentration of infantry is, of course, a highly desirable target, and one of the principal tasks of an attacking air fleet is to throw obstacles in the way of the mobilization of men and munitions. The attack which is begun by the air forces will be followed up as rapidly as possible with all immediately available troops; that is to say, the standing army. The stronger this army is, the more mobile it is, and the more capably commanded, the greater the likelihood that it can push the enemy troops before it, prevent the enemy from training and bringing into line fresh troops, and force peace upon him. While the two professional armies are fighting to gain this first decision as to which is stronger, behind the lines all the defensive forces of the country will be organized. The nation which gains the victory in the first act of the war through the superiority of its armament and through the excellence and mobility of its troops will settle down to preventing the enemy masses, superior in number but inferior in quality to the professional armies, from organizing and setting up a battle front.

To summarize what I have just said, I foresee that military strategy in the future will consist in the use of small armies, highly trained and extremely mobile, which will be backed up by the air forces and by the development of the large-scale offensive and defensive forces of the country.

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How will these armies of the future be organized?

The standing army, which may also be called the covering army or the active army, will be composed of professional soldiers, as many of them volunteers as possible and enlisted for long terms of service. The length of service will vary according to the special fields of military activity. For posts which require a large amount of technical knowledge, a long term of training will naturally be necessary, whereas there are other posts in which youthful enthusiasm is the essential. The size of this standing army will naturally depend upon the financial resources of the nation in question, upon its political and military situation, and upon its area. In any case, the standing army must be sufficiently large to guarantee the country adequate defense against a sudden attack from without.

The objection will be made that this will stimulate a race for superiority in armaments. This is not true, however, for quite apart from the fact that the size of these armies, which are extremely costly to maintain, will be necessarily limited by the amount of money available for this purpose, it is these very standing armies which can best be observed and limited by international agreement and it is they which will be the first to be diminished in any future limitation of armaments. Each nation, of course, will bring whatever standing army it is permitted to maintain to the highest possible degree of perfection, in so far as training, armament, and equipment is concerned.

SIDE by side with this army and working in close coöperation with it will be a training corps composed of officers and privates. All the young men of the nation will have to go through this vast training school, first for a brief period of instruction and then for subsequent training periods. In this way will be developed a military mass which will be worthless for anything which requires quick action and will be unable to give decisive battle, but which will be quite capable, after a short final instruction period, of defending the country and even of providing from its ranks replacements for the army in the field.

As far as arms are concerned, we must assume the principle that an army never possesses, or at least never possesses for long, the arm which is the best of its day. For at the very moment that a certain model is adopted, it is already outmoded, through the rapid progress of technical research. To provide a large, mass army with wholly new arms costs such an enormous amount that no nation will take the step unless forced to. But a relatively small standing army can be kept supplied with completely up-to-date equipment which could not possibly be provided for an army that ran into millions.

Since the field army must always be provided with the most efficient and up-to-date armament possible and must be supplied with replace-

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ments of this matériel, a large stock of arms must be on hand and preparation made for the rapid manufacture of fresh supplies in case of war. This is perfectly practicable in the case of a small standing army. But it is beyond the bounds of possibility to keep prepared in advance enough up-to-date arms and equipment to supply millions of soldiers, especially in view of the fact that untrained masses have to depend more heavily upon their arms than do professional soldiers. Large standing armies will, therefore, be almost out of the question, for the enormous stock of war matériel required is too expensive, and this matériel goes so rapidly out of date that it soon loses its military value. There is no use, for instance, in setting up storehouses in which thousands of airplanes are kept in readiness, for it only takes a year for an airplane to be completely outmoded.

There is only one way in which we shall be able to provide for the arming of great masses of troops. This is to decide upon the type of arm which at any given time is the best available and then to make provision for its intensive production in case of need. Thanks to the help of the technical experts and to studies which will be carried out unceasingly in laboratories and during manœuvres, the army chiefs will be in a position to know the most efficient model at any given moment. Then all that remains is to arrange with the industralists of the nation to prepare themselves to begin producing this model in sufficient quantities upon demand.

THE problem of perpetual peace is surrounded by a great deal of fog. The skeptic appeals to history with its thousands of years of war and expresses his doubt as to whether the Treaty of Versailles has written the epilogue. The idealist, on the contrary, asks why we should despair of a new day. The former sees the onward march of humanity as a progress alternately up great heights and down to the depths. The latter sees it as a steady upward march toward the heights. Neither can prove his contention, and the rôle of the prophet is a thankless one. But it takes more than a Treaty of Locarno to stand up against the great upsets of history, and some day the chivalry of Western Europe will have to meet with their swords, as they did at Liegnitz, the invasion which will come out of the East. In this crude time of ours, there is no use talking about perpetual peace. The question for us to determine is whether it is worth while for us to try to limit the number of cases in which political disputes are decided by warlike means. If we answer yes, we imply a certain amount of political idealism, but we also imply a realization that progress along these lines must necessarily be gradual.

When we set out on the long road from the sign which reads: 'Perpetual Peace—distance unknown,' we must be content if by evening our pilgrimage has brought us only to a little village whose

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inn bears the inscription: 'Limitation of Armaments.' We shall never get rid of war, but we must limit war to the solution of the great contradictions of existence. To define war as 'an extension of diplomacy' is dangerous. It is rather the bankruptcy of diplomacy.

It is not true that the present-day pacifist movement arises from a new knowledge of war's horrors. The sword never was a humanitarian weapon, and we should do well to think for a moment upon the Thirty Years' War, which left great blank spaces on the map where prosperous communities once flourished, and to remember that war at no time has spared women or children, houses or land. I strongly doubt whether the much praised goods of our present-day civilization are any more precious than those which were the prey of the sword and the torch wielded by the marauding Germanic tribes of old. We should not allow our judgment to be influenced by the terrifying prospect of gas attacks against large cities. Fear has always been a bad counselor and terror is no philosophy. For every new offensive arm developed by the technicians, a means of defense has always been found.

It is for quite other reasons that we should attempt to limit war. Even if we must give up the idea of abolishing war at times when the great problems of world history are up for solution, we should demand only the more strongly that the sword should not be taken up for purely political reasons. It may be possible—and this 'may' implies a good deal of skepticism—for Europe to arrive at a condition in which sufficient time will be allowed for discussion and admonition before belligerents leap at each other's throats. But this condition will probably be limited to Europe alone, for at present Africa and the Far East do not seem likely fields for idealism, and the United States must be considered as a country by itself. It is only in Europe that diplomacy has the field wide open before it.

WHEN we look at the possibility of permanent peace from a purely military point of view, here again we must go back to historical examples. Roughly speaking, there are only two kinds of war. In one of them a whole people takes up arms to annihilate another whole people which inhabits a country which is warmer or more fertile. History provides thousands of examples of this type of war, and perhaps has some in reserve for the future. But in contrast to these great cataclysmic struggles, there is another kind of war which we have come to call a war of diplomacy. There are many wars which can be classified neither as wholly one nor wholly the other. But to state the opposition as clearly as possible, we may say that the first kind of war is a war between peoples, the second a war between armies.

If we admit that we are powerless to prevent wars between whole peoples—great conflicts which shape the course of history—there is

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nevertheless a strong possibility that we can reduce the probability of wars between armies. The greatest danger consists in an inequality of military forces, which induces a strong nation to force its own policies upon a weaker one by arms or by the threat of arms. Peace is, therefore, much more likely to be assured by the equalization of arms than by their reduction. And equalization is by no means a distant, chimerical goal. The true military power of a country depends upon its population and its resources, neither of which can be controlled by international agreement. But it is perfectly practicable to control the size of standing armies and to bring about a situation in which no nation has a standing army which is superior to that of several other nations united. Such an equalization of armaments would strengthen the general feeling of security, and that feeling of security, strengthened by treaties, would pave the way for further reduction of armaments.

But we must be careful to distinguish between offensive and defensive armament. If we attempt to reduce the defensive strength of a nation, we only succeed in increasing that nation's feeling of insecurity and thereby increasing the danger of war. For the strongest stimulant to war is a defenseless neighbor. For this reason it seems to me that the next step on the road to peace is equalization rather than reduction of armaments.

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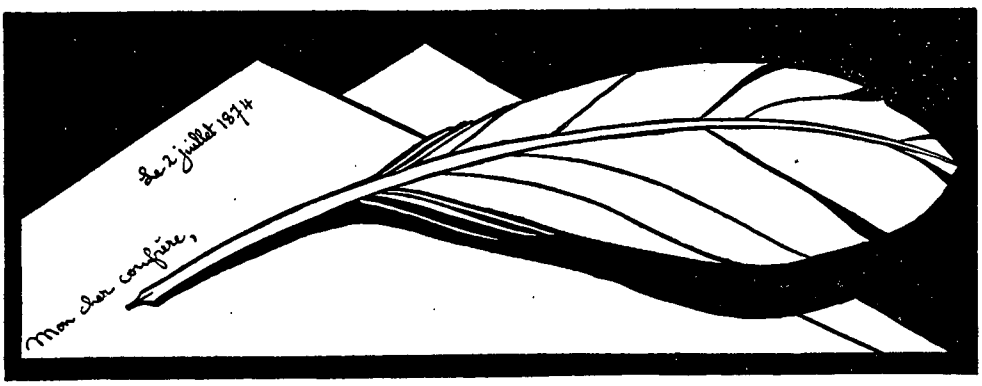

LETTERS TO TURGENEV

By Gustave Flaubert

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle,* Paris Political and Literary Weekly

THESE FOUR LETTERS from Flaubert to Turgenev have never before been published. The first of them was written soon after the two men became friends, the second almost certainly dates from some time in 1872, the third bears the date, July 2, 1874, and the fourth was written in the latter part of 1878.

MY DEAR CONFRÈRE,—

You have written me a very amiable letter and you are too modest. For I have just read your last book. I found you in it, and more intense, more rare than ever.

What I admire above all in your talent is its distinction—a supreme quality. You find a way of being accurate without banality, of being sentimental without affectation, of being comic without the least vulgarity. Eschewing theatrical tricks, you obtain tragic effects by composition alone. You have the air of being a good fellow and yet you are very strong. 'The skin of the fox joined to that of the lion,' as Montaigne says.

That is a beautiful story about Elena. I like her and I like Choubine and all the others. As one reads, one keeps saying, 'I have passed by there.' Furthermore, I do not believe that anyone will feel page fifty-one as I did. What psychology! But I should have to write many, many lines to express all I think.

As for your *First Love,* I understood it particularly well because it is the real story of one of my very intimate friends. All old romantics—and

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I am one, though I have slept with my head resting on a dagger—all old romantics ought to be grateful to you for that little story that has so much to say to them about their youth! What a real girl Zinochka is.

Knowing how to invent women is one of your outstanding qualities. They are both ideal and real. They attract one like a halo. But there are just two lines that dominate this whole story, this whole volume, even: 'I cherished no evil sentiment against my father. On the contrary he had, as it were, grown before my eyes.' That seems to me to possess a terrifying depth. Will it be commented upon? I don't know, but to me it was sublime.

Yes, my dear confrère, I hope that our relationship will not stay where it is and that our sympathy will become friendship.

A thousand handclasps from your

G. FLAUBERT.

Wednesday evening.

How I pity you, my poor dear friend. I did not need to know that you were suffering to be sad. The death of my old Théo has crushed me.

For three years now all my friends have been dying, one after the other without interruption! I now know only one person in the world to whom I can talk and that is you. Therefore you must care for me and not go back on me like the others.

Théo is dead, poisoned by modern vulgarity. Exclusively artistic people like him have no place in a society dominated by the plebeian element. That is what I said yesterday in a letter to Mme. Sand, who is very good, but too good, too full of benedictions, too democratic and evangelical.

I am like you, though I have no more taste for life. Existence is beginning to make me furiously angry. Voltaire said that life was a cold pleasantry. I find it too cold and not pleasant enough and try to ease myself of it as much as I can. I read about nine or ten hours a day, but a little distraction from time to time would do me no harm. But what form of distraction am I to go in for?

Your visit, on which I am counting, ought to be an exquisite distraction, or better still, a kind of happiness and certainly the only happy event of my year. *Crac!* In bed you suffer like a damned soul.

You will see me in Paris at the beginning of December. Until then, tell me your news and if you feel like coming, come. You will always be welcome at the house of your G. Flaubert, who embraces you.

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Kaltbad, Rigi, Switzerland.
Thursday, July 2, 1874.

I too am hot and I possess that superiority or inferiority to you which makes me get angry on a gigantic scale. I came here to perform an act of obeisance, because I was told that the pure mountain air would make me lose my redness and would calm my nerves. So be it. But up to now I only feel an immense boredom due to solitude and laziness, for, since I am not a man of Nature, her marvels bore me more than those of Art. She crushes me without furnishing me with any 'great thought.' I should like to say to her inwardly, 'Nice of you, I'm sure! A little while ago I came out of you, in a few minutes I shall return, but meanwhile, let me alone, I want other distractions.' The Alps, moreover, are out of all proportion to us as individuals. They are too big to be useful to us. This is the third time they have had a disagreeable effect on me and I hope it will be the last. And then, my dear old friend, my companions! These foreign gentlemen who live in this hotel, all of them English or German, fortified with walking sticks and field glasses. Yesterday I was tempted to embrace three calves I met in a field out of pure humanity and the need of expansion. My trip began badly, for I had to have a tooth pulled at Lucerne by a local dentist. Eight days before leaving for Switzerland I made the rounds of the Orne and the Calvados and finally found the place where I shall have my two old codgers established. I have been slow about picking out the spot and the one that I have chosen already fills me with an atrocious terror.

You speak to me of *Saint Antoine* and say that the great public does not care for it. I knew that in advance, but I thought that the élite public understood me more widely than they do. If it hadn't been for Drummond and little Pelletan I should not have had one favorable criticism. I have nothing good from Germany, either. So much the worse! With the grace of God, what's done is done and from the moment I heard that you liked the book, I felt repaid. Big success has quit me since *Salammbô*, but what remains in my heart is the failure of *L'Éducation sentimentale*. I am astonished that people did not understand that book.

Last Thursday I saw the good Zola, who gave me news of you, for your letter did not catch me until the next day, the 27th, in Paris. Except for you and me, no one had mentioned to him the *Conquête de P.*, and he has had no article written about it one way or the other. It is a hard time for the Muses. Furthermore, Paris seems to me more unpleasant and flat than ever. People as detached from political life as you and I are cannot help groaning, if only out of physical disgust.

Ah, my dear, good, old Turgenev, how I wish that it was autumn, so that I could be having you with me at Croisset for a good fortnight!

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You will bring your work, and I shall show you the first pages of *B. and P.*, which will, let us hope, be done, and then I shall listen to you. Where are you now, in Russia or Carlsbad? It would be sublime if you could return to France by way of Rigi, but the 'if's' are no longer of this world. I am resisting the temptation of embarking again on the lake and going to Venice by way of Saint Gotthard and spending the rest of the month there. There, at least, I should enjoy myself.

My niece ought to be beyond Stockholm by now and she is planning to return to Dieppe by the end of July. In order to occupy myself, I am going to attack two very obscure subjects, but I know myself well enough to realize that I shall do absolutely nothing here. In this place one ought to be twenty-five years old and go walking with one's sweetheart. The chalets standing one beside the other in the water look like love nests. How you could clasp your loved one to your breast on the brink of these precipices! What expansive moments you could have lying on the grass with the noise of waterfalls ringing in your ears and the blue sky in your heart as well as overhead. But all that is no longer for us, my old friend, and never was much to my taste.

I repeat that it is atrociously hot, but the snow-capped mountains are dazzling. Phœbus has released all his arrows while the tourists shut themselves in their rooms, dining and drinking. But the things that you eat and drink here in Switzerland are terrifying. There are little buffets everywhere—'*restaurations*,' they are called. R——'s servants dress irreproachably. From nine o'clock in the morning they wear black suits, making you feel that you are being waited on by a group of notary publics or by a crowd of people who have been invited to a funeral, but you think of your own affairs and it is all very nice.

Write me often and at length. Your letters are like water in the desert to me. About the fifteenth of the month I plan to leave Switzerland and shall undoubtedly be spending a few days in Paris. Adieu, my dear great friend, I embrace you with all my strength.

Your G. FLAUBERT.

Croisset, Saturday, the 25th.

I was beginning to worry about you, my dear, good old friend. I was afraid that you were sick. My own affairs are jogging along. Except for twenty-four hours I spent in V—— at M——'s house at the end of the last week, I haven't budged from here since your departure. My notes for *Hérodias* are written and I am working out my plan. I believe I have embarked on a little piece of work that is far from easy, because of the explanations which the French reader will need. To make it all clear and lively with so many complex elements presents gigantic

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difficulties, but if there were no difficulties, where would the amusement be?

Are you reading the good Zola's dramatic criticisms? I recommend what he wrote last Sunday as a curious piece. He seems to me to have narrow theories and they end by irritating me.

As far as his success is concerned, I believe that it is dwindling with *L'Assommoir*. The public that used to come to him will depart and never return. That is where the mania for taking sides and adopting systems leads one. It is all very well to make blackguards talk like blackguards, but why should the author borrow their language for himself? Yet he believes that it is strong stuff and does not perceive that this trick weakens the very effect he wishes to produce.

To get along more quickly with my work I should like to stay at Croisset very late, either until New Year's Day or even to the end of January. Thus I should perhaps be able to get through by the end of February. For if I want to publish a book at the beginning of May, it would first be necessary for me to finish *Hérodias* promptly so that its translation could appear in your country by August. What is happening to that of *Cœur Simple?* And when shall I see *Saint Antoine?*

My niece is back again and she and her husband ask me to send you their most friendly regards.

The young Guy de Maupassant has published in the *République des Lettres* a study that makes me feel ashamed. It is a real fanatic's article, but there is a nice line about both of us at the end.

What else should I tell you? Nothing at all, unless it is that I love you, my dear great friend, but that you know already. I embrace you.

Your old friend,

G. FLAUBERT.

And your nephritis? Is it a form of your gout or is it a new affliction? No, it isn't, is it? Anyway, take care of yourself. I hope to start writing in about a week. At present I am in an abominable funk and fear that I ought to have devotions said for nine days, praying for the success of my enterprise!

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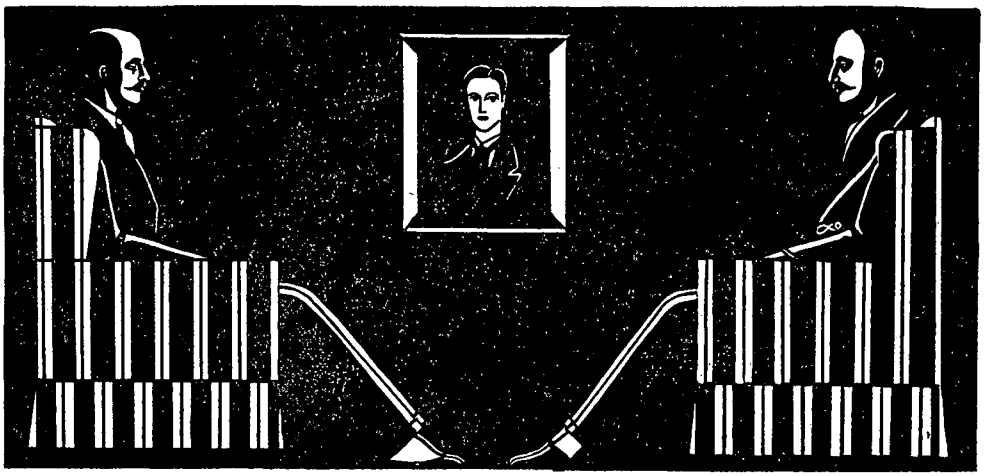

THE PORTRAIT

By Luigi Pirandello

Translated from *Le Correspondant*, Paris Fortnightly

'IS M. STEFANO CONTI at home?'

'Yes, Monsieur. Come in, Monsieur, and sit down, if you please.'

The young servant girl led me forthwith into a luxurious little drawing room. The word, 'monsieur,' had a curious effect upon me, spoken thus on the threshold of the home of this friend of my early youth. In that far time, since both of us were named Stefano, he had been called simply Nuccio and I Naccio, because he was frail and I was strong. Now I was a 'monsieur' and could even lay claim to being a bald 'monsieur'! I wondered about Stefano Conti. I did not yet know whether he was bald like myself, but in any case he was undoubtedly a respectable person thirty-five or thirty-six years old. In the little drawing room there was a damp atmosphere, like twilight, and every corner was permeated with the odor that hovers in places from which air and light are habitually shut out. I remained standing, and looked about me with an inexplicable feeling of discomfort and anguish at the elegant pieces of furniture, which were arranged in a circle as if they were never to be used and which seemed sad to be abandoned there without any share in life, completely excluded from the intimate activity of the house.

It was evident that these pieces of furniture never expected anyone in this small, shut-in room. The painful feeling which overwhelmed me as I looked at them gave me the impression that they were amazed to see me in their midst. If not actually hostile, they were not in a welcom-

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ing mood. For a long time I had been accustomed to the furnishings of country homes—comfortable, solid, familiar objects which, by reason of a long tradition and all the memories of a wholesome life, had acquired an almost patriarchal character that made them dear to us. This drawing-room furniture, obviously new, did not seem to be fashioned with a view to encouraging confidence and intimacy. Slender yet severe in style, the furniture stood there as if it represented all the strict rules of good society. One instinctively understood that it would have suffered intensely at the least transgression.

I thought to myself, 'Here's to my dreadful old jute sofa, capacious and elastic, which knows my savory naps in the long summer afternoons and is not shocked at the touch of my muddy old shoes or of the ashes that fall from my ancient pipe.'

SUDDENLY, as I looked up at one of the walls of the room, I seemed, in a stupor mingled with a strange troubled feeling, to discover my own discomfort and embarrassment rendered more intense and pushed almost to the point of real anguish in an oil portrait, which showed the likeness of a young man sixteen or seventeen years old.

I began to gaze at him as if I had been surprised in some wrong act or as if he had found me committing treason. Yet he, without my knowledge, while I was engaged in reflection about the furniture in the room, seemed silently to have opened in the wall a little window placed inside the frame of the portrait for the purpose of spying upon me. 'Yes, yes, you are right, Monsieur,' the eyes of the young man hastened to say in order to relieve me of my acute embarrassment. 'We are so very, very sad to be abandoned thus, lifeless, in this little room where there is no air nor light, and to be shut out always from the intimacy of the house.'

But who was this youth and how did the portrait come to be in this room? Perhaps it had formerly hung in the old drawing room of Stefano Conti's parents, in the house where I went to visit him so many years ago. Yes, perhaps that was it. I had never entered that drawing room, since Stefano always took me into his own little study or into the dining room. Who could the young man of the portrait be? One could tell that the painting must have been made at least thirty years ago. But mysteriously yet inexorably the eyes of the portrait precluded the possibility that the subject of the painting had himself lived through the thirty years that had passed since the day when the painter had put the picture upon canvas.

The life of this young man must have stopped short. In his strangely wide-open eyes, with their forlorn look of hopeless melancholy, one could see the resignation of the soldier who is left behind. Exhausted, abandoned without hope of aid in enemy territory, he gazes after his

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comrades who march onward, farther and farther away from him, taking with them all sound of life, so that soon, in the silence that falls near him and around him, he perceives the presence of death.

I was convinced that no man of forty-six or forty-seven had ever opened the door of this drawing room to point out the portrait on the wall and say, 'That was what I was like at the age of sixteen.' Undoubtedly the portrait represented a person who had died, and its place in the little drawing room proved conclusively that it remained there as a memorial, although not a particularly cherished memorial, since it had been abandoned among this new furniture, remote from all intimacy. It held a place of consideration rather than of affection.

I knew that Stefano Conti had no brother and had never had one. Besides, the face in the portrait had none of the features so characteristic of my friend's family. It bore no shadow of resemblance to Stefano or to either of his two sisters, who had both been married for some time. Judging from the probable date of the painting of the portrait and from what one could see of the young man's clothing, it seemed unlikely that he could have been a relative of the elder Contis.

WHEN several minutes had passed, Stefano came in, and, after the first exclamations at finding each other so changed, we began to summon up old memories. I raised my eyes again to the portrait and asked my friend a few questions about it. As I did so, I was conscious of a curious feeling that I was committing a profanation, or rather an act of treason, which should cause me the more remorse because, in committing it, I was profiting by the fact that no one was able to reproach me for my action.

It seemed to me that the young man represented in the picture was saying to me in an agonized way, with all the desperate sadness of his eyes, 'Why are you asking for information about me? Did I not tell you that I feel the same grief that you felt when you came into this room? Why do you wish to obtain from those who surround me details that I, a voiceless picture, can neither correct nor deny?'

At my first question, Stefano Conti turned away his head and raised his arms as if to protect himself from the very sight of the portrait. 'Ah, be merciful and don't talk to me about it. I cannot even bear to look at it.'

'I beg your pardon,' I stammered, 'I did not think . . . '

'Ah, no, don't begin to imagine anything out of the way,' Stefano hurried to add. 'The suffering that I feel at the sight of this portrait is very difficult to explain. If you only knew . . . '

'It is one of your relatives?' I asked cautiously.

'A relative?' repeated Stefano Conti, withdrawing into himself, perhaps rather to avoid a moral contact that hurt him than because he did

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not know how to answer me. 'It was—it was a child of my mother's.'

Astonishment and embarrassment appeared so plainly in my face that Stefano Conti cried, flushing quickly, 'Oh, it was not an illegitimate child, I can assure you. My mother was a saint.'

'Then why not call him your half-brother?' I cried, almost in anger.

'In using that word, you have come too near the truth and you cause me pain,' answered Stefano and his face contracted sadly. 'Well, I shall tell you about it. I shall compel myself to explain a very obscure complication of feelings which resulted in making me consign that portrait to this place as if it were in expiation of a sin. The sight of it still repels me, even after so many years. You may as well know that my childhood was poisoned in the most cruel manner by this boy who died at the age of sixteen, poisoned in its most sacred affection—my love for my mother. Listen to me.

'WE WERE living in the country, where I was born and where I lived up to the time when my unlucky father abandoned the *Mandrana* enterprise which later brought honor and wealth to so many other people. We dwelt there alone like exiles from the world. I feel that exile keenly now but then I did not understand it. I did not imagine that another world existed far away from the solitary house where I was born and grew up, far to the other side of the gray, melancholy hills which bounded my horizon. My entire universe was there. I had no life outside my home, which meant my father, my mother, my two sisters, and our servants.

'From experience I agree with those who think it inadvisable to leave children in ignorance of certain matters which, eventually discovered in some unexpected manner, overwhelm their souls and sometimes damage them irreparably. I am convinced that it is necessary to treat with gentleness certain illusions that sentiment creates in us. If the sentiment changes suddenly, the illusions crumble and with them the reality which was our very life. Afterward we wander in a vast emptiness. This happened to me when I was seven years old because of an unexpected change in the sentiment of filial love, which means everything to a child of that age. I do not think that any mother ever belonged to her children more absolutely than mine did. Seeing her occupied with our interests from morning to night and living our life with us during my father's long absences, neither I nor my sisters could have conceived that she might have a life outside the limits of ours. It is true that occasionally, perhaps once every two or three months, she went to the city with my father to spend a whole day. But it never occurred to us that she was far away in reality during these absences, which seemed to us to have no other object than to lay in a fresh stock of provisions for our country home. We even had an illusion that we

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caused her to go to town, because of the little playthings she brought us when she returned. Sometimes she came back in the evening pale as a corpse, with her eyes red and swollen; but this pallor, if we ever happened to notice it, could be explained by the long carriage journey. As for her eyes, was it possible that she had been crying? We thought that they were red and swollen from the dust of the road.

'Nevertheless, one evening we saw our father coming back to the villa alone and in a sombre mood.

' "Where is Mamma?" we asked.

'He looked at us with eyes that were almost fierce.

' "Your mother? She stayed in the city because—because she felt a little ill.'

'That was what he said to us at first. He went on:—

' "She felt ill and she must stay there for several days. It is nothing serious but she needs care which we could not give her in the country."

'We were in a state of such consternation that my father, instead of reassuring us, treated us severely, in an angry manner that not only added to our consternation but wounded us as a cruel injustice. He might naturally have expected to see us disturbed over such unlooked-for news.

'BUT HIS unjust anger and harshness were not directed at us. We understood this about twelve days later, when my mother came back to the country. She was not alone. If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget her arrival in the carriage at the gate of the villa. When we heard the gay ringing of the wagon bells coming down the road, my sisters and I rushed to welcome her festively at the gate. But we were sharply checked at the threshold by our father, who had just dismounted, panting and dusty, from his horse in order to be a few steps ahead of the carriage in which our mother rode.

'She was not alone! Do you understand the significance of that? At her side, held up by pillows, surrounded by woolen shawls, white as wax from a candle, with the same steady, desperate eyes that you have seen in the portrait, that boy—her son—was sitting. And her attention was so taken up with him, she was so absorbed in him at the moment, so worried over the difficulty of getting him down from the carriage without hurting him, that she did not speak to us, to us who had been, up to that time, her only children. She did not even see us.

'So that was another child? Our mother, the mother who had been exclusively ours, had another life, foreign to our own? And another son, strange to us. It was this boy and she loved him as she loved us—more than she loved us.

'I do not know whether my sisters felt what I felt as intensely as I did. I was the youngest. I was only seven. I felt horribly lacerated internally,

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my heart was smothered with anguish and my soul filled with an obscure, confused, violent feeling of hate, of jealousy and anger and various indeterminate passions, simply because my whole being revolted at the knowledge of the inescapable fact that, apart from me, my mother could have another son, a son who was not my brother and whom she could love as she loved me and more than she loved me.

'I felt as if someone were stealing my mother from me! No, what am I saying? No one was stealing her from me. It was she, she herself, who was committing before me and against me an inhuman deed, as if she were robbing me of the existence that she had once given me, as if she were detaching herself from me, as if she were withdrawing from my life to give the love which should have been exclusively mine and which formerly belonged to me to another person who had as much right to it as I.

'You see that I am in tears. As I think of it I feel again the same terrible exasperation that I felt then, the hate which I could never afterward subdue, even when they told me the pitiful story of the boy. My mother had had to give him up when she married my father, not because my father wished it but because of the pressure brought to bear on her by the parents of her first husband. He had committed suicide after four or five troubled years of married life filled with serious disagreements with my mother, who was then very young.

'NOW DO you understand? On the rare occasions when my mother went to the city, she visited this boy about whom we knew nothing and who was growing up far away from her in the care of a brother and sister of her first husband. The brother died and the boy became dangerously ill. My mother hastened to his bedside and wrestled with death for his life. As soon as he was convalescent she brought him to the country, hoping that love and care would help him to regain his health. But all her efforts proved vain and he died three or four months later, and never did his sufferings rouse in me a single twinge of pity nor did his death subdue my hate. I would have wished him to recover so that he might remain in our midst and fill with the hate his living presence inspired in me the frightful void that existed between my mother and me after his death.

'When I saw her attach herself to us again after his death as if henceforth she could again become entirely our own, my agony became even greater than before, because I felt intuitively that she had not been so much affected as I. Perhaps she thought, "But I never loved you alone. Do I not love your sisters, too?" She was not aware that I was encompassed in the love that she had for my sisters, that I participated in it and that I considered it the same affection that she had for me. But I could not enter into the love that she felt for this other child because

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he was also her son and when she was with him, devoting herself to him, she could not be mine and be with me.

'Do you understand? It was not the withdrawal of her love that offended me but the naked fact that that child could be her child. I could not bear it. Mamma did not seem to be mine any more. She did not appear to me as the mother that she had once been, but as another mother, the mother of that child. Was it possible that she had formerly been my mother? After that—and you must believe it, even though it sounds horrible—I felt that my mother no longer had any place in my affections.

'I have lost my mother twice. Indeed I can almost say that I have had two mothers. My mother, I mean her whom I lost recently, was not my real mother, for there can be only one. My true mother, my only mother, was taken from me when I was seven years old. It was then that I really wept for her; then did I shed tears of blood such as will never again fall from my eyes, for they were tears which erode and penetrate, leaving behind them a furrow that nothing can efface. I still feel the sting of those tears that poisoned my childhood, and it is that boy who was responsible for them.

'That is why I cannot look at him. Gaze at him yourself, my friend, and pity him, for, as you can see, he was unhappy, vastly more unhappy than I. But at least it was his good fortune not to have to live out his unhappiness, while I, because of him, although through no fault of his, lived for many years with my mother without ever feeling for her a trace of normal affection.'

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EXPLAINING THE JEW

Echoes from the Wailing Wall

By Joseph Roth

Translated from *Das Tagebuch*, Berlin Liberal Weekly

ONE OF THOSE DAYS when the Jews were being massacred in Palestine I visited the Grenadierstrasse, for I had a feeling that it would be better to be near living Jews in Berlin than dead ones in Palestine. It was a hot day. All the doors and a few windows stood open. The air reeked with the smell of onions, fish, lard, and fruit, as well as of children, sewer gas, and laundries. Jews were standing or moving about the Grenadierstrasse, preferring, as usual, to walk in the street rather than on the sidewalk, or, best of all, on the very edge of the curb. Traffic in the Grenadierstrasse possesses an almost institutional character and its movements are apparently determined by some hidden, mysterious purpose, as if some Israelitish cult were celebrating its rites. Crowds of bedraggled women and children had gathered around the fruit stands.

The stiff seriousness of the Hebrew characters on the signs, doorposts, and windows offered a strange contrast to the gay, curling lines of Roman script. One did not receive the impression that goods were being offered for sale, for the writing possessed a religious significance, and looked more like inscriptions on graves or the text of some prayer. Jehovah once handed down the tablets of the law on Mount Sinai in the same sharp characters that the Jews use to announce the sale of herrings, gramophone records, and Jewish anecdotes. Jehovah, too, it was who gave the Jews the first moral code that Europe ever adopted, and this code the Jews spread to all the nations of the earth.

And I reflected that this was a real sign of divine love and a sure proof that the Jews must be the chosen people. For there were so many other nations sympathetic, skilled, and well educated—the light-hearted Greeks, the adventurous Phœnicians, the artistic Egyptians, the Assyrians with their mysterious gift for fantasy, and the northern races, beautiful, blond, and wild, with the fresh smell of the forests about them. Yet not one of these was chosen. The weakest and by no means the most beautiful of people had to bear the most frightful curse and the most dreadful duty. Upon this people the hardest task and the most difficult mission was laid—to preach peace on earth and an end to hatred.

Though Jews are being killed in Palestine to-day one does not need to go to Jerusalem or to study the English mandate problem to know

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why such things happen. Jerusalem is not the only place that boasts a Wailing Wall. The Grenadierstrasse is loud with lamentations, for the hand of punishment lies heavily and clearly on the bowed backs of these people. Of all the thousand paths that race has followed, of all the roads that it must still pursue, none is an escape and none leads to any earthly goal. None leads to any fatherland, to any home country, to any place of refuge, to any freedom. The will of history has revealed its power on many occasions and this same force of historical destiny makes itself felt in every Grenadierstrasse in the world where Jews wander rather than live. Theirs is no pathological, degenerate state of unrest. It is historical. Clearly it is the secret will of history that this nation shall inhabit no country but shall wander over the face of the earth, and through this secret the secret character of the race reveals itself. The Jew who seeks for some home land is doing so against his will.

The Jews are not a nation; they are a supernation, perhaps the nation of the future, whose form has not yet taken shape. Long ago they put behind them the rude conception of nationality. They have no state, no wars, no victories, no defeats. They have converted unbelievers with fire and sword and many of them have been converted with fire and sword to other beliefs. They have already passed through a primitive period of nationalist history, and now retain only one characteristic of nationality—that of being a foreign people suffering under a foreign yoke because they are 'different.' National bonds no longer bind them. They no longer possess any absolute and unified physiognomy and they no longer subscribe to any set form of belief, for the religion of their fathers has succumbed to the everyday activities of their descendants, though at the same time they do possess a distinct way of life, a way of eating, sleeping, and living together, doing business, working, and studying.

For the restrictions of their outer surroundings are more dominating and compelling than the set rules of their religion. Furthermore, no one can observe these if he wishes to go on living, and of all the articles of the Jewish commandments the commandment to maintain life is the most uncompromising. Every new day brings with it some new concession. It is not that they fall away from the beliefs of their fathers. The beliefs fall away from the children or perhaps they sublimate themselves in the children, determining their thoughts, their manners, and their behavior. Religiousness is an organic function of the individual Jew, who fulfills his religious duty even in failing to fulfill it literally. He is religious simply because he lives. He is a Jew. All other people must adapt themselves to their beliefs or to the ways of their folk. The Jew alone professes himself automatically. He remains furthermore an agnostic unto the tenth generation and wherever a Jew stands a Wailing Wall stands before him. Wherever a Jew settles, there is a pogrom.

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As a result, Zionism can never be more than a bitter experiment, representing perhaps a momentary and necessary degradation of the Jewish people or at least a reversion to a more primitive form of national existence through which the race has really passed. Perhaps Zionism will destroy the assimilation of Jewish individuals and groups, for it is attempting to assimilate the whole nation. Though Zionism is suited to the bellicose traditions of the Jew, it has its drawbacks; it makes him prouder of the conquest of Canaan than of the Bible, the Psalms, or the Song of Songs, and it also blinds the Jew to the fact that his future is perhaps greater than his past for the very reason that it is more tragic. Perhaps it would be more practical and realistic for the young Jews who are returning to Palestine to-day to do so with the knowledge that they are not so much descendants of the Maccabees as of the priests and prophets.

DURING my wanderings in the Jewish Ghetto of Berlin, I bought a couple of nationalist Jewish papers from Eastern Europe. The dispatches about the fighting in Palestine differed in no essential way from the war dispatches that we so well remember in our own papers. They were written in the same frightful bourgeois style and they spoke of bloodshed as if it merely involved spilling some harmless fluid and boasted about the Jewish victories over the Arabs. In the same gibberish of the war dispatches it was set down in black and white that this time, thank God, there had been no pogrom, but simon-pure fighting.

Such events as this lead one to believe that Jews are no cleverer than other people. Indeed, not only are they not cleverer; they are actually more stupid on occasion. They do not hasten ahead of the times; they remain a little behind and are now imitating the bankrupt intellectuality of Europe. Naturally they have defended themselves in Palestine and it was an outrage that they should have been attacked, but that their newspapers should have invested with heroics a people whose greatest heroics went unsung—that indicates definitely that there are no longer any Seven Wise Men of Zion to arbitrate the destinies of the Jewish people. On the contrary, there are a few hundred thousand fanatics of Zionism who do not understand the fate of their race.

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A MAGAZINE FROM AMERICA

By J. B. Priestley

From the *Saturday Review,* London Conservative Weekly

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE fat, shiny, expensive American magazines that you sometimes find in hotel lounges, marking the trail of the American tourist here. Its special subjects appeared to be travel and geography. It offered me a little travel, too, for the moment I opened its vast and sumptuous advertisement section I was wandering in a foreign land. 'A Loving Thought for Mother,' one page began, and then gradually introduced the topic of Whitman's Sampler chocolates. 'The Amber East is calling,' cried another page. 'Answer the lure of the great bronze image with eyes of gold.' It was suggested, too, that I should bring the family to Minnesota, where apparently game fish await the swish of my line. I caught sight of six very tense-looking gentlemen, ready, it seemed, to spring at one another's throats at any moment, and underneath this tableau I read, 'Planning high-speed business.' I was warned against dull, discolored teeth, asked to safeguard baby's health, and told definitely not to experiment with Oil Heat but to take the advice of more than 80,000 owners of William's Oil-O-Matic Heating. 'Roads Are White Pages of History in Virginia,' another page informed me. And of course there were pictures of very aristocratic people, apparently eight feet high and made of wood, looking at enormous cars: 'To step from your library or drawing room into Cadillac or La Salle involves no change of environment,' from which I gather that these cars now contain rows of bookshelves and grand pianos. 'Tell your Travel Story with Filmo Movies,' cried another genial bully. But why go on? Everybody knows these advertisement pages, which take toll of all America's literary and artistic cunning.

WELL, I turned over dozens of these shiny leaves, feeling as usual like a very poor and distant relative of the people to whom such pages are addressed. Everybody who subscribed to that magazine seemed to be in for a far more gorgeous time than you and I can ever hope to have. I was only peeping in through the palace windows of this new world. I saw some very fine photographs of 'eagles in action,' and came to the conclusion that a mere snapshot of a sparrow or two would be better suited to my station—or yours—in this life. And then—

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why, everything was changed almost apocalyptically, in something under a dozen twinklings of an eye. You see, in the middle of this rich magazine, I came upon some colored photographs of a place. I will try to describe some of them.

There was one of a broad, blue river. You looked across it and saw, high above a line of trees, gray towers topped with little dark turrets, standing out, solid and clear, against a pale, silken sky. Then, on the next page, you looked into a sunny courtyard, with the glimmer of leaves above the ancient paving, and in this courtyard was a little company of fantastic soldiers, dressed in round, black hats, white ruffs, gold and scarlet tunics, with red knee breeches and stockings and buckled shoes, and all holding tasseled pikes. They might have marched straight out of a fairy tale. Anything might happen in a place where such soldiers mounted guard. Another photograph pretended to show me 'one of the fairest corners' of this place, but obviously it was either all made up or miles and miles from anywhere, a secret. What you saw was a long sunken garden, buried among trees. In the middle was a rectangular pool, surrounded by paved walks, beyond which were beds bright with flowers. In the foreground were enormous lupines, and you never saw such blue and purple spikes. And, everything there, the trees, the soft mirror of water, the walks and the flower beds, seemed to be shimmering in a dreamy haze, and not a soul was to be seen. A man might look at that sunken garden, just peep through the tallest lupines for a minute or two, and then find he could be happy with the thought of it for a month.

These were all obviously very special places that you and I would never be able to see. But one photograph was of a street, because it said so. In the background you could see some tall buildings, but they did not look very amusing. It was what was happening in the street itself that was so curious. There was a white line running across it, and, standing a foot or two behind this line, was a tall fellow in blue holding out his arms, which were fantastically gauntleted in white. Behind him, again, were a number of great vehicles, waiting there, near the line, as if they were about to run a race and the man in blue would give the signal to start; and what made the scene so pleasing was the fact that all these vehicles were colored a bright vermilion. You should see what a show they made on that page! I could see people, so many pink dots, sitting on top of these vehicles, waiting for the race to begin or perhaps dreaming of those romantic assignations to which such scarlet chariots must be carrying them, and I must say that when I first turned the page and saw them, I envied these people. They seemed to be even luckier than the people in the advertisements, who had been called by the Amber East and had answered the lure of the great bronze image with eyes of gold, or had taken the family to Minnesota and had fished

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like anything, or were able to step from their libraries and drawing rooms, without change of environment, into Cadillacs and La Salles.

BENEATH the picture of this bright and Babylonish street was something quite different, though apparently it could be seen in the same city. It was a tiny house and shop that somehow had been able to survive an immense conflagration that had happened nearly three hundred years ago. Not only that, but it had been written about by a man of genius, whose tales have been read by everybody, all over the world. And there it was, the little shop, with its low roof, its worn stones, and ancient windows, and mysterious dark doorway. A very nice girl in a blue coat and skirt and silk stockings could be seen, in the picture, looking in the cozy little window. Imagine being able to see that shop any time you wanted, and perhaps knowing the nice girl in the blue coat, too! Or, if you do not care for that kind of thing, there are 'the masses of beautiful dahlias in bloom.' You see them in a picture of some garden somewhere in this city. Across the right foreground there runs a row of sharp iron spikes, which are there no doubt to prevent the country's enemies charging down the flower beds. Then, bang in the middle, in all the hues that photography ever knew, are the dahlias themselves, blooming there in their hundreds, and every one of them nearly as big as your hand. Behind there are some trees, and, behind them, exquisite, remote, mysterious, the upper stories of some large building in white stone, probably a palace.

And I must say these colored photographs killed everything else in that magazine for me. After seeing them, I did not want to 'Plan now for a healthful, happy vacation in Maine,' nor to change my mind, cast off my Occidental worries for a while, and 'watch the monkeys skipping over the walls of Jaipur' (which would, I feel sure, remind me of my Occidental worries), nor to go beyond the high Sierras where, apparently, there is a land singularly blest by Nature, nor to 'savor the charm of three centuries ago, while cruising in modern luxury through the picturesque heart of French Canada.' These are all very fine things to do, and in the ordinary way I might have dismissed them with the tribute of a sigh, but they did not haunt my mind as that magic city did, with its rivers and palaces and gardens and fantastic soldiers and great vermilion carriages. And I only wish they had not put at the top of these enchanted pictures the heading: 'High Lights of London Town,' because this piece of editorial carelessness prevented me from learning what the place really was. It can't be London, I know, because I live there and it is all quite different, a stupid medley of dirty river and buses and policemen and dusty parks.

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ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

Up the Irrawaddy River

By Andreas Latzko

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse,* Vienna Liberal Daily

WE HAVE ALL BELIEVED at some time in our childhood that, far away where the earth touches the sky, people sit on the edge of the world with their legs swinging over the void as they refresh themselves from their exhausting journey to the jumping-off place. This fantasy almost becomes actual in the little native village of Bhamo, which is on the border between China and India, about eight hundred miles up from the mouth of the Irrawaddy. If you go past the tiny wooden houses of the village you will come to the stone whose northern half marks the entrance into the Middle Kingdom and then you will see a dusty, twisting road suspended between barren sand dunes, leading the way into the moonlit landscape of Central Asia. Even if you are an experienced vagabond you will have a slight sensation of dizziness, as if it would easily be possible to fall off the earth into nothingness.

No matter how far you travel or over how many oceans you sail, you are always in Europe when you are on the sea. An ocean steamship is a floating city and the furrow that follows the propeller knits together inextricably everyone on board. Speech, contacts, and food represent a fragment of the home land with all the ties and limitations of life on shore. It is more than an idle jest that veteran passengers consider prolonged, unavoidable contact with the same people the worst sort of seasickness.

The travelers on the little steamboat whose route connects upper and lower Burma with Rangoon, the only seaport of that part of India, are much more independent and, although they are intimately penned up on the cramped deck, they have much less to do with one another than they would during an ocean voyage. The reason for this is that, instead of tossing in a closed cage between water and sky, you glide slowly along between two river banks. The decorative beauty of palm forests and jungles is revealed to you. Naked or partly clothed natives draw water, drive buffaloes into the river, dig irrigation channels to their rice fields, or lie prostrate before pagodas in attitudes of prayer. Their strange life proceeds like a drama and they do not even step out of their rôles when the familiar throbbing of the steamboat notifies them that a remote planet is approaching.

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THE vibrating prow of the boat cleaves the land for eight hundred miles, continually laying bare fresh cross sections of country. Just as the scholar studies his culture of bacteria under the microscope, so the European, in an equally detached fashion, observes the native struggling for existence, first under the murderous, fiery rays of the tropic sun, then against the tenaciously resistant thickets of the boundless sub-tropical forests and, still farther to the north, on the edge of the Mongolian mountains, he witnesses a mortal subterranean combat in the torn flanks of barren sand hills.

Neither the abandoned, beautifully carved and gilded wooden palaces of kings who brought a British protectorate down upon the land, nor the pagodas that have been strewn over the landscape with a lavish hand, nor the largest bell in all the world, which requires nine strong men to make it ring, are the most significant sights of the journey on the Irrawaddy. The most valuable and unforgettable experience of the voyage is the cross section of native life that one observes and the penetrating insight one gets into the slowly changing relationship of man to nature.

Toward the north, near Mandalay, the products of the rice harvests lie in tall piles waiting for the return steamer. Rice and cotton provide a livelihood for the shareholders of the Irrawaddy fleet. At right angles to the course of the river, a tiny narrow-gauge railway makes its way through the countryside, collecting sacks filled to the bursting point from plantations owned by the great British textile mills, and transporting these sacks to the main depot, which is at a midway point on the railroad line.

But now the lofty, tossing crests of the jagged palm trees grow less thick; the curly carpet, like moss from Gulliver's world of giants, spread to the height of a tower over the earth, gradually becomes thinner and is more and more frequently pierced by large trees that the European hails as old acquaintances of the temperate zones. Here men do not stride over the fields with open hands. Instead of strewing grains of rice trustfully over the earth, they wield hatchets and axes, living in the forests as woodsmen, or endanger their lives by steering rafts of ebony over the rapids.

Still farther to the north, near the station of Magok, the forest disappears and the steep spurs of the Central Asiatic highland begin to crowd the river into an ever-narrowing passage. Gorges of bare, melancholy sand yawn on every side. Here men are obliged to descend into the bowels of the earth, to burrow like moles deep in its bosom, and to construct mines in order to make a livelihood. The products that are brought up from the depths then have to make a long journey to reach the people of wealth and taste who assign the precious stones their value. For the Magok mine is the most productive source of rubies

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in the world. It supplies the display windows of the rue de la Paix in Paris with blood-red stones of exquisite beauty. What an orbit they describe! What a vast distance they must travel from the unwashed, loamy hands of the Shan people, who crouch before their little slab huts and stir up the fire under their kettles of rice, to the delicate, civilized wrists on which the red crystal drops ultimately gleam.

IF YOU go on shore when you finally reach Bhamo, the British passengers on board unfailingly point out the tottering palisade which enclosed the whole place in earlier days, providing a defense against the invasions of Chinese robbers. At present Great Britain protects the people under her guardianship more securely than did these rows of decaying pegs. Instead of rushing over the border as plunderers, the Chinese now bring their wares to the landing dock; in fact, the entire province of Yün-nan uses the eight-hundred-mile waterway of the Irrawaddy as the shortest and most convenient link with the outside world. For two or three weeks little Chinese horses, laden with carefully tied bundles, trudge along the caravan roads to Bhamo, through the arid, almost uninhabited, highland, in the heart of Asia. With surprising solicitude, the clumsy, unwieldy burdens are lifted from the horses' backs and then two sailors, without availing themselves of the help of the crane, carry the cargo warily below deck, almost tenderly, for they are handling lovely Chinese carvings, dragons, and idols, grotesque masks and twisted mythological figures. These carvings fashioned of ivory and ebony, cut according to tradition, are made in far-off lonely huts where the conception of time has no meaning and the earth would permit its sparse inhabitants to starve if they did not manage to create a demand for their wares and a share in the tremendous art trade that flourishes in parts of the world where culture prevails.

There are two ways by which the artistic products of Central Asia can reach the display windows of shops and the fireside shelves of wealthy collectors. When they are destined for Europe, they can either go down the Irrawaddy to Rangoon, where they are put on a boat for Singapore and there transferred to a west-bound Eastern Asiatic steamship, or, instead of following the caravan roads that lead southward, the products can also cross the desolate sand hills in an easterly direction. Rafts then bear them down the streams that flow into the Yangtze-kiang until the stream becomes navigable and the remainder of the four-thousand-mile long waterway to the port of Shanghai is accomplished by Yangtze steamboats.

If you look up the narrow streets, between the rows of little wooden houses which might as well be in a village in the Swiss mountains or beside a Norwegian fiord, you can see the caravan drivers idling about

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and you feel like assuring yourself, by an involuntary glance back at the landing dock, that the steamer has not already cast off. You are chilled by the idea of being left behind, alone, at the very end of a blind waterway, at the farthest point yet touched by the commerce of the world.

And what amazement you feel, or rather, what fear, when your only fellow traveler of German tongue, an extremely affable citizen of Württemberg, actually remains behind, standing tranquilly on the dock as the boat weighs anchor! But the dŏughty Swabian does not appear alarmed. He watches the cables being released and explains laughingly that he is planning to stay overnight with certain business friends whom he visits every spring, since Bhamo is the most important market of the orchid trade.

After this explanation, you begin to understand for the first time the significance of the wooden flower pots bedecked with green that dangle in close array the whole length of the village street under the projecting gables of the wooden houses. A sailor with a wide Malayan grin points out a cargo of the costly parasite plants on the after deck of the boat. They are ingeniously planted in pieces of rotten log which they gradually consume. Their owner appears—a Frenchman, who has taken the cabin of the gentleman from Württemberg for the voyage downstream. He is enjoying the fact that he stole a march on his competitor. With a slight disdain for our lack of knowledge on the subject, he tells us that special representatives of the trade come to Bhamo at regular intervals in order to provide the flower merchants of rich cities and the crystal vases and conservatories of connoisseurs with the most beautiful, rare, and costly varieties of orchid to be found anywhere.

Rubies, Chinese trinkets, and orchids! And, if you think, besides, of the pearl fishers who bring up their shimmering pebbles from the floor of the ocean, you may almost cultivate a profound respect for the far-grasping, many-limbed mechanism that searches over the earth and in the earth, reaching into the upper courses of the Irrawaddy and the very sources of the Yangtze, exploring the broad surface of the globe and the depths of oceans, sustained in its search by the powerful central organism of wealth.

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BREAD UPON THE WATERS

By MacFlecknoe

From the *Nation and Athenæum*

'Senator, are we going to do this now in a kindly, friendly, amicable, and gentlemanly manner?'—*Charles M. Schwab.*

THOUGH proceeding in a gentlemanly manner,
With the kindliest of feelings in our heart
For the folk who think the Star-spangled Banner
On the Seven Seas should play the leading part,
Yet we know of nothing queerer
Than the tale how Mr. Shearer
Put the Three-Power Naval Congress in the cart.

Since the Companies deny the least intention
He should pass from taking notes to spreading views,
We can only murmur praise for the invention
Of a job that any journalist would choose;
He's a lucky chap who collars
Five and twenty thousand dollars
Just for sending in a line or two of news.

When, for fact, he sent them propagandist fable,
They were shocked and disappointed and aggrieved;
But they 'hoped for something better' every cable,
And he didn't get a hint that they were peeved;
So these hard-faced Yankee bosses
Held their tongues and cut their losses
As they paid the cash 'for value' *not* 'received.'

So they cast their costly bread upon the ocean,
To receive it back ere many suns were set.
(Of a Cruiser Bill they'd neither hope nor notion,
But you can't refuse the contracts that you get.)
No! we've heard of nothing queerer
Than the tale of Mr. Shearer—
And we doubt if we have heard it all as yet.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Six Months of Hoover

BERNARD FAŸ, a French lecturer who has often visited the United States, contributes to *Le Figaro* a brief eulogy of President Hoover's first six months in the White House. Comparing the present condition of America with that of last fall, when the country was being shaken to its foundations by the thunder of the 'whispering campaign,' M. Faÿ draws attention to the peaceful atmosphere now prevalent throughout the length and breadth of the land:—

More, even, than Mr. Coolidge, whose reputation rested on his economy, Mr. Hoover has been economical. The day he assumed office he noticed that there was connected with the White House a yacht such as rich men have. He quickly had it dismantled. Mr. Coolidge blushed to his ears and concealed himself in his home town.

More than Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Hoover knows how to understand the aspirations of the great men of this world. Mr. Coolidge was never on bad terms with big business, but Mr. Hoover, since last March, has allowed the development of the biggest industrial and financial groups that have ever been seen—the very same ones that were prosecuted thirty [*sic*] years ago in the time of Teddy Roosevelt. The principal banks in New York and Boston are merging, and in the West gas companies and electrical companies are joining forces on a vast scale. There is talk of an enormous operation that Morgan is preparing with the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland to build a new railroad system in the East.

Without taking sides, the federal government surveys all this with a friendly eye. It goes in for the most encouraging kind of laissez faire. The reënforcement of private property, of capitalism, of individual initiative—these have been the characteristics of the first six months of the Hoover régime.

In Europe half the politicians would blush, but in America the entire country approves.

Political and social stability, industrial and scientific initiative—are not these the best instruments to gain world hegemony, without effort, without wanting to, almost without knowing what one is doing?

How One Britisher Would Treat America

AN ENGLISHMAN who spent the last eight years in the United States has written a letter to the ultra-reactionary *National Review* in which he sets forth his views on America. Briefly, he believes we are a country of braggarts and bluffers who can understand only strong-arm diplomatic measures. In this opinion the editor of the *National Review* fully concurs—in fact, it tickled him so much that he printed the whole letter in order to show his readers what Americans are really like. Here is a particularly choice morsel:—

What this country hopes to gain from standing, cap in hand, in front of the U. S. A. is more than anybody who is possessed of anything greater than a mere superficial acquaintance with the country can possibly understand. Why, for instance, try to explain away the Anglo-French Pact? Why not say out and out that since the U. S. A. refused to play in our disarmament garden we found another playmate?

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Why, in 1922 (?) [*sic*], when Lord Balfour went over on a mission to the steel and iron companies, did he say, in effect, 'Please don't import your steel into England, you only increase our unemployment'? Why did he not have the authoritative backing of the Government to say that, if the U. S. A. imported any more steel, we should put a thumping great duty on it and stop it and they could do what they liked?

That type of talk is the only talk the U. S. A. understand [Italics *sic*].

America's Great Opportunity

ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL British journalists, who signs himself 'Scrutator' and contributes periodically to the *Sunday Times*, raises the question of canceling the War debts in no uncertain terms. He points out, as many before him have done, that the Young Plan will certainly not be functioning in 1988, asserting that this Plan is only 'another way of saying that Europe is to go on paying tribute to America for sixty more years.' In pursuance of President Hoover's campaign pledge to collect War debts, the American experts in Paris succeeded, theoretically at least, in disentangling reparations and debts, but, according to 'Scrutator,' the principle of the Balfour Note remains as firm as it ever was and the two subjects are really identical. He concludes:—

Europe may not yet be ripe for the cancellation of reparations against debts which is inevitable; but it will be in a very few years. America has it in her power to abolish German reparations by canceling Europe's debt to her, and we are ready in that event to cancel Europe's debt to us. Such a measure would be the supreme contribution that could be made to the cause of international peace. Will America make it betimes? Or will she delay it until the act has lost its political virtue? These are the alternatives, for it is inconceivable that Europe will continue to pay tribute until 1988.

Anglo-America through Swiss Eyes

WILLIAM MARTIN, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, not only sees the League at work in his home town, but has also visited both England and America. The negotiations between Hoover and MacDonald have therefore impressed him strongly in relation to the methods that the League has adopted to attain the same end of disarmament:—

Although the terms of the accord arrived at between Great Britain and the United States are not yet known in detail, they already teach us several lessons. The first is that the English and the Americans have begun by adopting the only fruitful method of procedure. Instead of talking about principles they have discussed figures. To begin with, of course, they established the principle of parity, but that is a political idea and they have not lost themselves in a discussion of technical theories. They immediately drew up tables of tonnage, of additions and subtractions, and they have ended by saying, you have the right to this and we to that.

That is the only possible method in affairs of this sort and the League of Nations, which has adopted the opposite method, is beginning to understand that it has taken the wrong route. For four years its commission on disarmament has been discussing principles without making any progress. It allows itself to be amused by certain general staffs and one may well ask, when one contemplates the enormous Shearer scandal, whether the League, too, is not unsuspectingly being subjected to occult influences.

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WAR AND PEACE

There can be no war; nay more, it is absolutely impossible, if you and we do our duty in making the peace pact effective, that any section of our armies, whether land, or sea, or air, can ever again come into hostile conflict.—*Ramsay MacDonald, before the U. S. Senate.*

The Prime Minister, both in opposition and in office, has been talking rather as if the existence of the British Navy were a potential cause of war, and as if to get rid of our defenses were the best way to remain at peace. It is very much as if we were told that the best way to stop burglary were to abolish bolts, bars, and shutters, or that the existence of safes is a fruitful cause of housebreaking.—'*Morning Post*,' *London.*

Man has measured the distance from the earth to the stars; he has weighed them, he has even analyzed their composition. And man has made war. I know of no more striking symbol of the disparity of this creature who is capable at the same time of so much genius and so much stupidity.—*Michel Corday, French popular journalist.*

We can talk of eternal peace and hope for it, but we are not going to get it. We can extend the time between wars, but we are not going to end wars. We can't expect in one generation to get eternal peace.—*Major General Hanson E. Ely, U. S. A.*

All persons who foresee the next great war and would have us prepare for it should be executed.—*Bernard Shaw.*

Should not the dread possibilities of chemistry rule out the politicians and give to research in chemistry, in the other sciences, and in medicine a fraction of the huge cost of navies and armies, created to destroy life and property? The Chemical Foundation stands ready to bear all the expenses of any commission the President may care to appoint to inquire into the vast possibilities of chemistry as an agent of peace, outlawing war by its terrors, advancing health and prosperity by its humane discoveries.—*Francis P. Garvan.*

War is a redoubtable enterprise into which the imperialists do not rush with their eyes blindfolded. They take good care to weigh their chances. They wish, when the inevitable conflict arrives, to assure themselves of the most advantageous position, to reserve for themselves the most solid allies, and to attain, when the war is over, as many of their objectives as possible. Moreover, they recognize the growing opposition among the toiling masses to warlike enterprises and to deceive these masses they keep on negotiating until the last minute. But negotiation does not eliminate the risk of conflict. —'*L'Humanité*,' *Paris Communist daily.*

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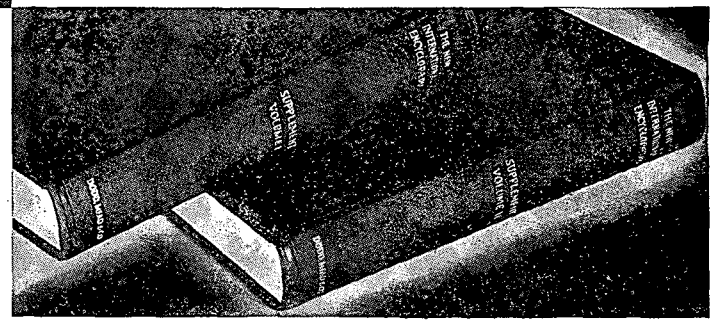

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Views & Reviews

THE MYSTERY MAN OF EUROPE: SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF. *By Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 1929. $3.00.*

FEW MEN in Europe played a more decisive part both during and after the World War than Sir Basil Zaharoff, and fewer still concealed their activities more skillfully than he. An American business executive would probably have called him head contact man for Vickers, for he mixed with all the most powerful people of his time, always with a view to selling them ammunition, no matter which side they were on. 'Everything was directed toward the furtherance of political ends by industrial means and of industrial ends by political means,' says Dr. Lewinsohn with a vagueness unhappily characteristic of nearly all his pages. For the crying defect of this most readable volume is that the material in it seldom seems to be of the chapter-and-verse variety.

Dr. Lewinsohn introduces us to young Zaharoff in Anatolia, whither his Greek parents had fled from the rage of the Turks in Constantinople. Presently, however, the family returned to the city on the Bosporus, where a rich uncle took young Basil into the cloth business. The boy had meanwhile learned half a dozen languages and understood how to handle Europeans and Orientals with equal ease. Considerable space is then devoted to a scandal which drove Basil to England and finally to Athens, where his real career began. Through the good offices of the Greek politician, Skuludis, he became Balkan representative for the Anglo-Swedish munition firm of Nordenfeldt during a period when Turkey's European provinces were continually rising in revolt. In 1887, Zaharoff came to grips with Hiram Maxim in Vienna and a year later the two men pooled their resources, Maxim joining the Nordenfeldt organization. It was a strange partnership—that of the Yankee inventor and the Greek promoter—but it flourished until 1897, when Maxim, who had by this time ousted Nordenfeldt from the company, allied with Vickers. Zaharoff again followed his American colleague, but this time it was the Greek and not the Yankee that came out on top, for in the new company Zaharoff's abilities found a wider range while Maxim gradually faded into the background.

It was with Vickers that Zaharoff really came into his own, and from Dr. Lewinsohn's somewhat perfunctory and hasty description of the great international armament race that ended in the War we begin to understand what extraordinary powers the representatives of the big ammunition companies enjoyed. Taken at face value, this book might lead a lazy cynic to believe that Poincaré, Isvolski, Grey, Aehrenthal, and even the Kaiser were mere puppets, manipulated by Krupp, Schneider-Creusot, Vickers, and Armstrong. But the causes of the War and the driving forces of high politics are not so simple as all that and, to convince his readers that Zaharoff really was a power behind the scenes, Dr. Lewinsohn must produce some documentary evidence, or at least indicate the sources for the statements that he makes.

Not until the War was over did Zaharoff begin acting like a human being. By 1919, he had amassed a fabulous fortune which he promptly began to pour away by supporting the cause of the Greeks in Asia Minor. Dr. Lewinsohn even goes so far as to suggest that he was planning to launch a holy war against all Mohammedans to avenge the indignities his people had suffered at the hands of the Turks. British support, however, was not forthcoming, the French backed the Turks, and Kemal's victorious march on Smyrna ruined the one original, independent enterprise of Zaharoff's life.

Such a career suggests more than one line of speculation. As a propagandist and wire-puller, Sir Basil makes our Mr. Shearer look very small indeed, but, on the other hand, if we choose to look upon him as a representative European industrialist, we can at least congratulate ourselves that, of all the rich and successful men America has produced, not one of them is such a monotonously unenlightened failure as this self-made Old-World gentleman. And there is still more food for thought in the fact that on such a man the French and British Governments saw fit to bestow the greatest honors they could give.

Q. H.

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A VERY NAKED PEOPLE. *By Albert Londres. Translated from the French by Sylvia Stuart Hatch. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $3.00.*

M. Albert Londres is an enterprising French journalist, already known in this country as the author of *The Road to Buenos Aires*, in which he gave a truly remarkable picture of the white-slave trade in South America. His latest book is no less remarkable, but this time it is black slaves, not white ones, that engage his attention. In an impressionistic, staccato style, well suited to the subject in hand, he describes a trip he made through French Equatorial Africa studying the downtrodden negro and the equally miserable colonial official. We are shown the natives paying exorbitant prices for battered articles of apparel, shipped from the junk shops of Paris and Marseille. We are told about a lawsuit brought by an indignant husband who had left his wife in his brother's charge for two years and then objected because no child had been brought forth during that period. One feels, as in all other first-rate books about Africa, that it is indeed the Dark Continent, blasted and damned, and far more agreeable to read about than to live in.

FOCH, MY CONVERSATIONS WITH THE MARSHAL. *By Raymond Recouly. Translated from the French by Joyce Davis. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.*

So far as one can judge, Foch was probably the greatest general of modern times and it is truly unfortunate that he could not have found a more intelligent spokesman than M. Recouly. Ever since the early days of the War, the two men were intimately associated, but the fruit of all this association is a disjointed, idolatrous account of a general whose unquestioned character and genius were balanced by equally striking defects. Foch was a soldier *par excellence*, and a devout Catholic to boot, but his political views, which M. Recouly discusses with a perfectly straight face, show that his all-consuming passion for military matters colored his views of every subject under the sun. This passion is appropriate enough in the long opening section of the volume, devoted to the War, but in the last two portions, devoted, respectively, to the 'Drama of the Peace Treaty' and to matters 'Miscellaneous and Personal,' M. Recouly loses all sense of proportion and sets down a multitude of boring, unimportant observations on Gambetta, Locarno, Weygand, 'Things of the Spirit,' and so forth. By far the most interesting passages in the book are those dealing with the rivalry between Foch and Clemenceau, and it is too bad that Foch's theory of how the War might have been ended a year earlier is not given more space.

PEP. *By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Dorothy Thompson. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $2.00.*

Babbitt has gone to Europe many times, in person and in books; now he is returning home again, the same man as ever, as the central figure of these translated poems of Lion Feuchtwanger. In the flesh, he certainly would not be very entertaining, but it is amusing and even rather thrilling to meet him, drawn to the life, in the pages of this German writer who has never been to the United States.

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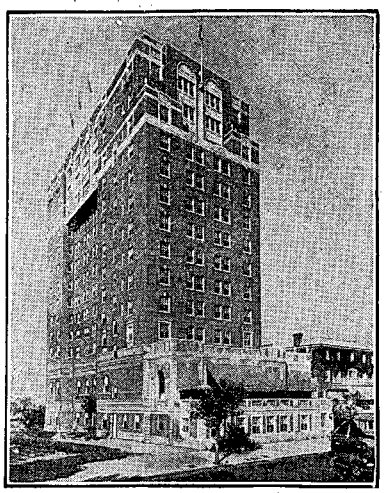

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ERIC GILL. *By Joseph Thorp. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $6.00.*

A beautifully printed handbook to and record of the sculpture of England's most famous craftsman-artist, whose exquisite letter design should be the endless despair of all practitioners of that art.

Books Abroad

LA VIE ORGUEILLEUSE DE TROTSKI. *By Pierre Fervacque. Paris: Fasquelle. 1929. 12f.*

LE CHEF DE L'ARMÉE ROUGE. *By Pierre Fervacque. Paris: Fasquelle. 1929. 12f.*

(Robert David Max in the *Daily Telegraph*, London)

IN the present vogue for biography it is an unwritten law among French publishers that an adjective should be provided with the title. Thus we have titles such as *The Laborious Life of Pascal*, *The Passionate Life of Stendhal*, *The Profound Life of Edmond Rostand*. M. Fervacque finds 'proud' the most adequate word to qualify his biography of Trotski. At the moment when the exiled Trotski is knocking at the door of each of the Western countries in turn only to be refused admittance, this characteristic pride would seem to be somewhat humbled.

But M. Fervacque justifies his title with repeated examples of the importance of the part played by this dominant factor in Trotski's career. It was this that made it impossible for him to share the supreme power with anyone but the self-effacing Lenin.

Like Lenin, Stalin, Zinoviev, and so many others, Lev Davidovich Bronstein (in other words Lev Trotski) had a scholastic career

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of remarkable brilliancy. He is above all an intellectual, and, whether he was being conducted to a frontier between two guards or escaping from a Siberian prison or sitting as he is to-day in Constantinople, an exile and an outcast, he has a few precious books in his pocket and study is his principal solace. We must not, however, think that young Bronstein was a bookish student entirely immersed in his studies. His biographer records several minor uprisings led by Trotski during his student years. One of these brought his expulsion from the University of Nicolaiev.

It was in London at the age of twenty that Trotski met Lenin. It was a decisive meeting. After that, though they often disagreed, their paths ran always side by side. Trotski collaborated in the publication of the *Iskra*, and took part in the formation of that extraordinary organization called the Professional Syndicate of Qualified Revolutionaries. The abortive uprising that followed the Russo-Japanese War took Trotski back to Russia in 1905. It also took him once more to Siberia.

Then followed years of wanderings in all the European capitals, unending 'agitation,' countless radical congresses. Geneva, Barcelona, Prague, Paris, every refuge of anarchists was visited in turn. There was even a visit to New York. Then in 1917, by culling the fruits of the Menshevik revolution, the Bolsheviks had their chance. The rest of Trotski's history is the history of contemporary Russia. If we are to believe M. Fervacque, anti-Semitism, traitorously played upon by Stalin, brought his downfall. But will Trotski's career end at this? He is still only fifty, and Russia is far from stability.

In Mikail Tukachevski we have a totally different character. Here is a man of adventure, a pagan, who laughs at economic theories and social dogma. The author met him during the War, when they were both prisoners in Germany. Tukachevski was then a lieutenant in the army of the Tsar, scarcely out of his teens. He would have served the old régime as he has served the new. At the age of twenty he said, 'When I am thirty, I shall be a general, or I shall be dead.' He has become a general. As organizer and leader of the Red Army he has established the largest military force in the world to-day—a remarkable achievement.

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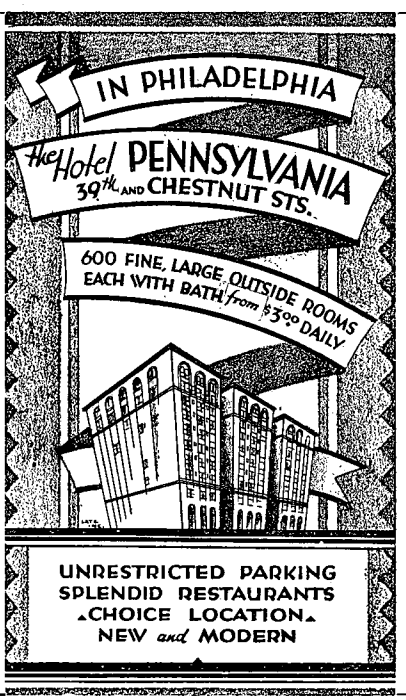

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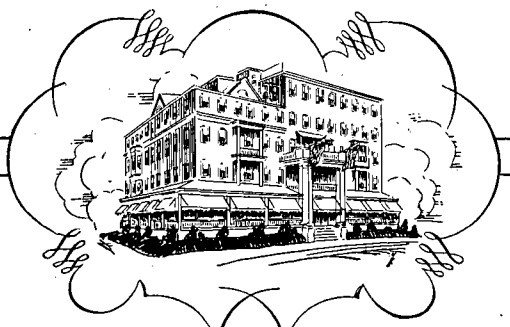

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World Travel Calendar

ARGENTINA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.
BUENOS AIRES. November 11, San Martin of Tours's Day.

AUSTRIA

VIENNA. October 1-November 15, Exhibition of Dutch Painters (Künstlerhaus); *October 16-November 16*, Fall Meeting of Jockey Club; *October 25-December 15*, Fall Art Exhibition of the *Hagenbund; November 1-15*, Fall Art Exhibition (Secession); *3-22*, Art Exhibition of *Kunstgemeinschaft und Österreichischer Künstlerbund* (Glaspalast); *3-29*, Derby; *9-December 10*, International Danube Board; *November 10, 17, December 8*, Performances of the Vienna Spanish Riding School; *November 29-December 8*, 35th International Medical Extension Course on Internal Secretion and Constitution; *November 29-December 31*, Exhibition (Künstlerhaus); *December 5-31*, Christmas Exhibition (Künstlerhaus).

BELGIUM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 11, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve; *December 26*, Boxing Day.
BRUSSELS. November 14, Horse Fair; *December 8-19*, 22nd International Exhibition of Automobiles, Motorcycles, Boats, and Radios.
MONS. November 19-December 19, Annual Fair.

BRAZIL

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 15, Republic Day; *December 8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

CANADA

AMHERST (NOVA SCOTIA). November 9-14, Maritime Winter Fair.
GUELPH. December, Ontario Provincial Winter Fair.
ONTARIO. November, Deer- and Moose-Hunting Season.
OTTAWA. November 11, Canadian Legion National Memorial Service; *December 2-6*, Winter Fair and Horse Show.
REGINA. November 25-30, Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League meets.
TORONTO. November 20-28, Royal Agricultural Winter Fair.

CHILE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

CHINA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 12, Birthday Anniversary of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

COLOMBIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 11, Independence Day; *December 8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *9*, Battle of Ayacucho.

CUBA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 7, Decoration Day; *8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

DANZIG

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. Autumn, 11th International Sample Fair.

DENMARK

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.
COPENHAGEN. November 2, Grand Horticultural Exhibition in Forum; *14-16*, International and Inter-Scandinavian Tennis Matches; *December 5*, Inter-Scandinavian Boxing Matches at Idrats House.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

SAN DOMINGO. December 25, Christmas Day.

ECUADOR

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 25, Christmas Day.

ENGLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 11, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve; *December 26*, Boxing Day.
LEICESTER. October-November, 9th Textile

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Machinery, Accessories, and Yarns Exhibition.

LONDON. December, Three Arts Ball (in the first week of the month); *10-16*, Smithfield Club Cattle Show; *December-January, 1930*, 6th International Schoolboys' Exhibition.

MANCHESTER. November 23, Handicap Races.

FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 6, Independence Day.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 11, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve; *December 24*, Christmas Eve, Midnight Mass in the Catholic Churches; *25*, Christmas Day; *26*, Straw Day.

AVIGNON. November 30, Festival of the Separation of the Waters.

BÉZIERS. November 5-11, Chrysanthemum Exhibition.

BOULOGNE. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.

DUNKIRK. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.

NICE. December 9, Automobile and Motorcycle Races.

NORMANDY. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.

NOYON. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.

PARIS. Autumn, 4th International Nautical Show; *November*, Autumn Salon; *21*, International Commercial Vehicles Exhibition opens; *25*, St. Catherine's Girls Procession; *December 1*, Horse Race, Prix de la Haye Jousselin.

GEORGIA

TIFLIS. Autumn, Congress of Mineralogists.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Der Grosse Pferdetag.

BERLIN. October-December, Academy Exhibition: Black and White; *October-March, 1930*, Lectures on the Carnegie Chair of the German Academy of Politics; *November 7-January 18, 1930*, German-Language Course at the University; *November 14*, International Automobile Show opens; *14-16*, German Society for Glass Technology; *21-22*, Technical Society for Shipbuilding; *end of November*, German Commission of Standardization and Simplification; *beginning of December*, meeting of Cellulose and Paper Chemists and Engineers; *3*, German Society of Technical Machinists.

MUNICH. Autumn, Bulgarian Week.

HAWAII

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 11, Armistice Day.

HONOLULU. November, Kaaona Ka Malama (patriotic tableau by Hawaiian Warriors' Society), Inter-Collegiate Football Matches; *7-11*, Hawaii Festival of Pacific Races; *15-17*, Second Annual Open Golf Tournament; *28*, Outrigger Club's Swimming Meet; *December*, Football Match, University of Utah and Washington State College v. Hawaii's Senior League, Surfboard Polo Tournament.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. November, Autumn Exhibition of Paintings.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. November, Hungarian Industrial and Commercial Week, International Composers' Congress, Winter Exhibition, Fine Art Galleries.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 11, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve.

LORETO. December 10, Festival at Shrine of Santa Casa.

MILAN. November 1-30, Gallop Races at the San Siro Hippodrome.

MONTEDORO (SICILY). December 13, Santa Lucia Procession.

ROME. November 1-30, Gallop Races at the Capannelle Hippodrome; *December 21*, Grand Ceremony in St. Peter's for the end of the Priesthood Jubilee of the Pope; *26*, St. Stephen's Fête.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 15, Miyamaeri, Shrine Pilgrimage of Young Children; *23, Niinamesai*, Second Harvest Festival; *December 14-28, Toshi-no-ichi*, Year-End Fair; *25, Taisho Tennosai*, Anniversary of Death of Late Emperor Taisho; *31, Omisoka*, Great Last Day of Year.

OMIYA. December 10-11, Annual Fair at Hikawa-jinja Shrine.

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TOKYO. November 22-28, Commemoration of Higashi Hongwan-ji Temple at Asakusa; *24*, Great Commemoration of Nishi Hongwan-ji Temple at Tsukiji; *December 14*, *Gishi-sai*, Annual Commemoration of the Forty-Seven Ronin at the Sengakuji Temple near Shinagawa.

UENO. October 15-November 15, *Teiten*, Art Exhibition of Modern Japanese Paintings and Sculpture.

LATVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 18, Independence Day.

LITHUANIA

KAUNAS (KOWNO). Autumn, 8th International Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition.

MEXICO

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 20, Anniversary of Commencement of Revolution of 1910.

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 28, Independence from Spain; *December 8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *25*, Christmas Day.

PARAGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 25, Adoption of the Constitution; *December 8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

PERU

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 27, National Holiday; *December 8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

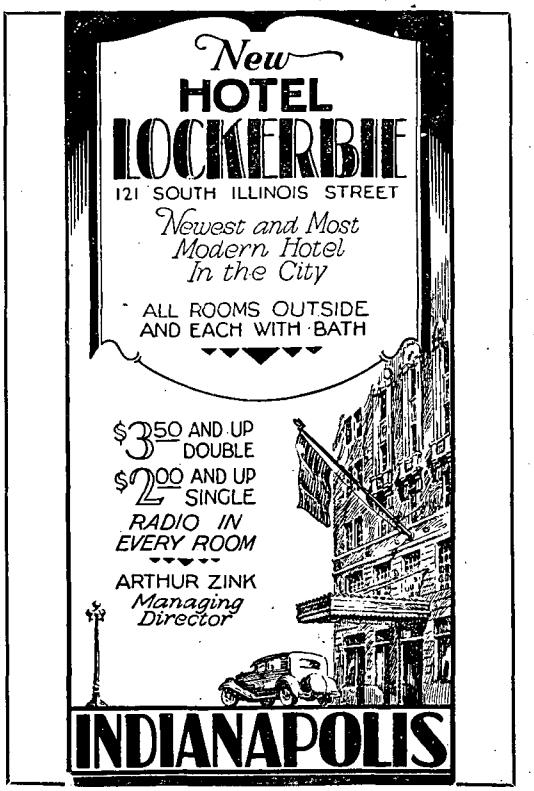
PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 1, Independence Day.

RUSSIA

KIEV. December-January, 1930, 8th Congress for the Study of Soils.

UKRAINE. Autumn, 7th Congress of the Physicists of the U.S.S.R.



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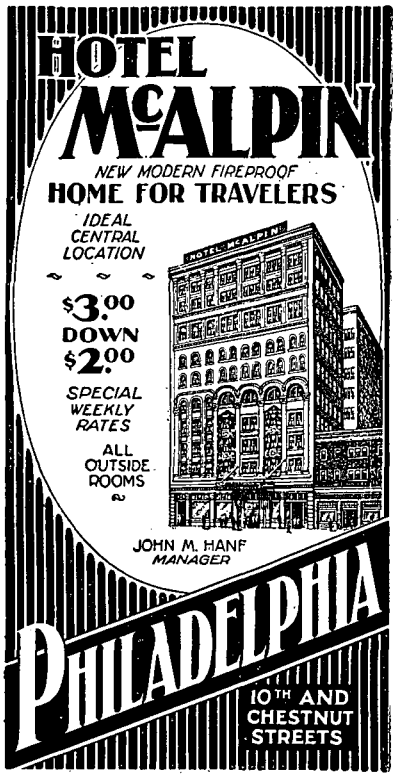

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 11, Armistice Day; *December-January, 1930*, 'Swinging Feast.'

BANGKOK. November 8-13, King's Birthday.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

BARCELONA. November 3-10, Week of Iron; *4-10*, Week of Forests; *6-10*, Labor Union Confederation Assembly; *beginning November 15*, National and International Congress for Physical Culture and Athletic Contests; *December 1-11*, National Congress of Architecture; National Firemen's Congress.

MADRID. Autumn, International Cancer Congress; *October 7-December 14*, Spanish University Courses.

SEVILLE. December 8, Baile de los Seises.

VALENCIA. November 2, 9, 11-25, 30, Duck-Hunting Festival on the Lake of Albufera; *December 26*, St. Stephen's Fête; *27*, St. John the Baptist's Fête.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November, Motor Boat Club Races for November Cup; *December 26*, Boxing Day.

STOCKHOLM. December 10, Nobel Day, Distribution of Nobel Prizes; *13*, Feast of Saint Lucia.

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA. November 6-17, International Horse Races; *December 11*, Escalade Thanksgiving Day.

URUGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *8*, Beach Day; *25*, Family Day.

VENEZUELA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *19*, National Holiday; *25*, Christmas Day.

YUGOSLAVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 2, Independence Day.

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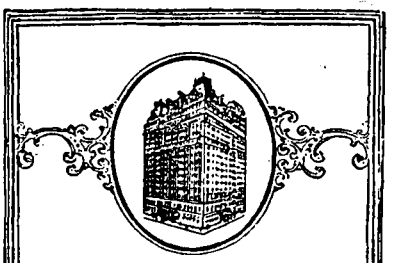

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